

CONTENTS.

APRIL—JUNE, 1943.

POETRY—

	PAGE
THREE POEMS. By JOSEPH CAMPBELL	I
LADY DAY. By PADRAIC FALLON	3
THE WIDOW OF DRYNAM. By PATRICK MACDONOGH	5
TWO POEMS. By TEMPLE LANE	6
RUSH. By ALEX COMFORT	8
DUBLIN IN THE EARLY NINETEENTH CENTURY. <i>Extracts from the Diary of Sir Vere Hunt, Bart.,</i> edited by R. HERBERT	9
THE METRE OF FREE VERSE. By J. LYLE DONAGHY ...	18
IN THE EVENING HE IS CUT DOWN. By LESLIE H. DAIKEN	28
DEAN SWIFT'S TOUR OF MUNSTER. By R. WYSE JACKSON	33
DOROTHY OSBORNE. By LORNA REYNOLDS	39
TYUTCHEV—A GREAT RUSSIAN POET. By B. ELKIN ...	45
ART NOTES. By FREDERICK CARTER	56
BOOK REVIEWS	60

The Editor of THE DUBLIN MAGAZINE will be glad to consider MSS. offered for publication, but no MS. will be returned unless it is accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope, and the Editor will take no responsibility for manuscripts that may be lost.

Letters should be addressed to 2 Crow Street, DUBLIN, and communications with regard to advertisements, subscriptions, etc., should be sent to the Manager of "The Dublin Magazine" at that address.

Price 2s. 6d.

Annual Subscription 10s. 6d. post free.

LONDON AGENT :

MESSRS. JOHN & EDWARD BUMPUS, LTD., 477 OXFORD STREET, W.I.



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2024

THE
DUBLIN MAGAZINE

VOL. XVIII.—No. 2.
(New Series)

APRIL—JUNE, 1943.

Price 2/6

Three Poems by Joseph Campbell

ALIMENT

WHEN summer swells and planets burn,
And velvet moths veer softly by,
I lift the latch, and hillward turn
To drink the nectar of the sky.

Now winter numbs and nightclouds frown,
And hollies hiss against the wind,
I heap the fire, and settle down
To eat the manna of the mind.

One season gives me dusk to read,
The augury of dows and rooks :
Another fills my spirit's need
With aliment from ancient books.

GRASS

NEARNESS to grass
 Makes me respire so well
 In body and mind,
 No miracle it would be
 If, paying the forfeit of my kind
 To drab Mortality,
 As all must do who pass
 Whether to heaven or hell—
 Deep trencht in it,
 Part of its sweet, clean smell,
 My poor bones with its vibrant fibres knit—
 Lazarus like, confounding sceptic eyes,
 I rose again,
 Free of age, free of pain,
 Most innocent and most wise !

CLEF

As over household chest or chair
 The Craftsman's strokes,
 Sure sign that he has thought and laboured there,

Or on a human face
 The hammermarks of Time,
 Shaping cheekbone and mouth to iron grace,

So my rhyme
 Must show sweet roughnesses :
 The integrity of God in stormy air,
 His strong hand's clear impress
 Graving its clef on mountaintops and oaks !

LADY DAY

By Padraic Fallon

In the low house, whose thick lights
 Laboured each day to take true casts of her
 Brown face with its thin high bones, she washed before the fire
 Like a queen inside a penny :
 And there as she did her hair in an old green glass
 The room bloomed and was stirred so delicately
 That the dead in their photographs seemed coming alive
 In their stiff Sunday finery
 And flushed old masks of paper and acid where time
 Decayed by sad shades into Purgatory.

And there, as she stepped from one dress into another
 In the tremors and rays of
 A reverie as quietly electric as the Great Emperor Moth's,
 One feared that the men for miles
 Would arrive with beating hands at the little window
 Out of the stirring countryside ;
 But nothing happened ; demurely she steps out with
 A maid's mouth and a maid's eyes
 Past hens asleep in their wings and a sow in a fat grunt
 And cycles off into the skies.

And the slow afternoon big and blue
 Lifted in hazy hackles from her shoulders ;
 Moving, she trailed the sky too
 Over crops and cattle ;
 And out of the ripening fields which she spread
 Like a peacock's tail, so very small in
 That huge plumage of smoky country, she
 Advances to the Pattern ;
 Her black hair combed to the scalp
 Brilliant as oil on water.

She picked a calm way through
 Mourners and merry-makers where I waited
 With the warm airs piled like sweet hay on the new
 Mown graves of the parish dead,
 And there as promised I sought her among the neighbours—
 To find in group after group her twin instead,
 O sequence of sisters! O cool stone shedding comets!
 Wherever my dazzled eye stayed
 Some girl in her very image stared at me and smiled
 With the same red mouth, brown eyes, and small black head.

O believe me I counted one, three others and three more,
 Seven, and each face hers, as I mooned around
 Like a fool from soft stare to soft stare
 Confounded and distressed
 And nervous, yes, and afraid, as if from the skies that holyday
 One mocked me with a sinister and subtle jest
 And made this bright face common as seven scraps of mirror
 That her own face should rest
 In its large drift from Nazareth alone
 Over the harvest and be blest.

Would you blame me, badgered as I was, for taking a glass
 With the other men until sun-down
 Called them to lonely farmsteads with the tongue-tied speech
 of grass?
 And then among their farewells,
 Away there, ah my eyes opened, one sauntered before me
 With the afterglow slung like a skirt from her calm hips!
 But though I followed her and though she came
 Under the elms with me and into my arms,
 Alas, I am not certain which of the seven has left me
 Those images that sweat upon the lenses of my palms.

And may the mother who nurses my music strangle me
 For a lout if I could ask her
 If she were the girl who promised so shyly
 To meet me that afternoon,
 So innocently that no country mother would dare
 Pass with a buttoned mouth and looks black as soutanes :
 No, I will not believe it, no !
 But could I ask for that assurance
 When the night with all stops stirring died away
 Into itself like stilled melodeons ?

And torn with doubt and exultance I will mention
 No more of her save to declare
 That Adam with his teeth in the pips would envy
 The soft shock of her mouth :
 Yet, even as she left me, I was wondering sadly
 If another who had promised me more innocent hours
 Might be rubbing out the black miles home on her bicycle
 That moment with pain on her brows.
 O desolate cypher of starlight !
 No planet in your sunken house.

THE WIDOW OF DRYNAM

By Patrick MacDonogh

I STAND in my door and look over the low fields of Drynam.
 No man but the one man has known me, no child but the one
 Grew big at my breast, and what are my sorrows beside
 That pride and that glory ? I come from devotions on Sunday
 And leave them to pity or spite ; and though I who had music
 have none
 But crying of seagulls at morning and calling of curlew at night,
 I wake and remember my beauty and think of my son
 Who would stare the loud fools into silence
 And rip the dull parish asunder.

Small wonder indeed he was wild with breeding and beauty
And why would my proud lad not straighten his back from the
plough ?

My son was not got and I bound in a cold bed of duty
Nor led to the side of the road by some clay-clabbered lout !
No, but rapt by a passionate poet away from the dancers
To curtains and silver and firelight,—
O wisely and gently he drew down the pale shell of satin
And all the bright evening's adornment and clad me
Again in the garment of glory, the joy of his eyes.

I stand in my door and look over the low fields of Drynam
When skies move westward, the way he will come from the war ;
Maybe on a morning of March when a thin sun is shining
And starlings have blackened the thorn,
He will come, my bright limb of glory, my mettlesome wild one,
With coin in his pocket and tales on the tip of his tongue,
And the proud ones that slight me will bring back forgotten
politeness
To see me abroad on the roads with my son,
The two of us laughing together or stepping in silence.

Two Poems by Temple Lane

WOMAN ON DUN LAOGHAIRE PIER

WHY did you have to come here, this chromium-bright olive-salt
day,
To be the short shadow of me which my own fear casts forward
Into old age ?—but I shall keep my head high, when I reach your
abasement,
I who am so sure of God and the goodness of goodness and the
goldenness of mating.
Sterility can be silver too, not slag-grey as you have made it.

But all time's instruction must have gone sour in your brain,
And all experience may have broken outside you throwing up
some hideous residuum.

A wave may have circled the earth before it breaks,
And no two waves are alike any more than two faces.

There is only one other flat sound like the splash and patter of
spray ;

It is made by dead words as they fall from the brain to the heart,
With just that precedent boom and pause in the act of remem-
brance—

Only, to make such patter, the heart must be dead as cement.

Therefore you frighten me, other woman, staring down at the
concrete

As if your flesh had affinity with it.

Your shoulders are bent for insults to leap and cling and ride on
them.

You are so obsolete as you watch every step for the next
That I cannot stop you and cry—"Count clouds, for sanity's
sake ! "

And—"Did you know Hope is set in the sky for a sun ? "
(You might really go wrong in the brain, or send me wrong in the
brain !)

I am seeing the three lost things, the trinity of frustrations—

Age, when it leans on a will that snaps like a twig of the firewood ;

Sex, for which no desire has brightened or done civility :

Song, when the harp of Love to which we sang it is broken.

In all your life before were you ever of such importance
That you interrupted the floe-white saga, of Continenace
Borne into the port of God with Faith as a following wind ?

O why did you have to come here to-day

When the waves are loin-clad in taut silk before they fall forward ?

*A wave may have circled the earth before it breaks,
And no two waves are alike any more than two faces.*

PROPORTION

THE moving staircase of the sea
 Comes ever landward in a curve—
 Long steps in relativity
 Which, touching man's perception, swerve.

The passing spirits march up there
 (I think) into the wider ways :
 Tread first the breakers, then the air,
 To stars as numerous as days.

Some time I shall step off the shore
 And on that staircase leave behind
 Flesh, which can hold the self no more
 Than city tenements the wind.

RUSH

By Alex Comfort

AT Rush in Ireland by the station
 crowded moving nipples of the yew bushes
 carry each one at evening a dark bird
 a swinging starling, moved by the wind over
 the clouds' cold meadows to and fro
 and the fine beaks like thorns
 balance high on the dark candles, corals
 moved by the currents of wind in air clear as water.

The air flows eastward into a blind sea
 with rooks and gulls high in the current's glass
 but on the yews the starlings speak the surf
 out of their swinging voices the waves break.

Slow from white houses spring up the weeds of fires
 and the swell of darkness rocks the mourning choir.

DUBLIN IN THE EARLY NINETEENTH CENTURY

Extracts from the Diary of Sir Vere Hunt, Bart., edited by R. Herbert.

The following descriptions of Dublin life in the year 1813 are extracted from the hitherto unpublished diary of Sir Vere Hunt, Bart.

Sir Vere was father to Sir Aubrey de Vere who achieved a certain amount of fame as a poet, and grandfather to the more famous poet, Aubrey de Vere. Another grandson was Sir Stephen de Vere, author of "The snowy-breasted pearl," and described by some as the best English translator of Horace. The change in surname was brought about by a reversion to the matronymic in an endeavour, it is said, to obtain the then extinct title of the de Veres, Earls of Oxford.

The age in which Hunt lived, was, according to modern standards, both coarse and corrupt. Judged against this background, he emerges well, either as landlord, as politician, or as private citizen.

He was a restless spirit and took part in activities which few gentlemen of the period would have touched. In his younger days he conducted a professional theatrical company in the South of Ireland for two years. He also made a vain effort to establish a provincial newspaper, and to re-print for the first time, the *Pacata Hibernia* and other famous Irish historical works.

In middle life he was Sheriff of the County Limerick, raised three regiments for the Government Service, and, at the time of the Union, was Member of Parliament for the Borough of Askeaton. He voted for the Union, and obtained as recompense, after much haggling, the weighmastership of Cork, a sinecure at £600 per annum. It must be stated, however, in fairness to Hunt, that he had paid £5,000 for the seat, a rotten borough, just one year previously. Incidentally he is not referred to by Jonah Barrington, and we discover in his papers that he was a friend of his and backed the bill for the plates in the latter's work exposing Union corruption.

Hunt was also owner of a coal-mine in Glangoole, County Tipperary, and built the town of New Birmingham there. He also bought, as a speculation, Lundy Island, off the coast of Devon, and endeavoured to establish on it an independent kingdom in accordance with the traditions of the island.

The diary begins in 1796, when he was thirty-five, and continues till his death in 1818. In addition, he gives a summary of his first thirty-three years. His style is very much of the period, flowery and often verbose. However, it gives a vivid description of early 19th century life in Ireland, with all the cynicism and disillusionment which followed the passing of the Union Act, and which makes the period so similar to the present day.

As these extracts are intended to illustrate different aspects of Dublin life they are arranged by subject rather than chronological order.

WEDNESDAY, 2ND JUNE, 1813. Very fine day, and being the King's birthday, the town was in bustle and hurry from morning till night. In the early part of the day a Review in the Phoenix Park, where all ranks and classes were crowded together

to see poor soldiers sweating and stinking, and great Militia-officers, from the mighty Colonel to the puny Ensigns, exhibiting their bravery and military acquirements. City Buckeens on hired horses and with borrowed boots and spurs ; young misses slipping away from their mammas to meet their lovers ; old maids taking snuff, and talking and thinking of old times ; pickpockets waiting for a lob, and old bawds and whores for a cull ; handkerchiefs in constant employ, wiping dust, sweat and dander from the face and head ; coaches, landaus, gigs, curricles and jaunting cars in constant jostle and confusion in the backstreet, to avoid paying money and the shops open to try to get some ; mail coaches making a grand procession through the principal streets.

A Levee at the Castle, attended as usual by pimps, parasites, hangers-on, aidecomps, state-officers, expectant clergymen, hungry lawyers, spies, informers, and the various descriptions of characters that constitute the herd of which the motley petty degraded and pretended Court of this poor fallen country is made up. Alas, poor Ireland.

I spent the day lounging about, seeing what was to be seen, and, in proud feelings of superior independence, looked down with utter contempt of the weakness of an administration, imbecile, evasive, and mouldering into contempt ; and every loss of public opinion and respect ever must attend the paltry pretended administration of this despicable and degraded country.

WEDNESDAY, 3RD NOVEMBER, 1813. Omitted in my journal yesterday that I saw the new Lord Lieutenant, Lord Whitworth, for the first time, it being his weekly day of giving audience, and of keeping up the mockery of state in this fallen and degraded sham-court.

He drove in from the park with his wife, the Duchess of Dorset, and one aidecomp, in a plain coach and four postillons in buff cloth, plain jackets, and two out-riders. The castle seemed deserted, few, I believe, seeking audience ; and except the mere hangers-on, secretaries and clerks, two or three Generals and Judges, I presume, from appearance, His Excellency was not much annoyed by visitors..

WEDNESDAY, 17TH NOVEMBER, 1813. Strolling about, I see hungry expectants, legal, clerical and military, some old beaux,

some vain country gentlemen, and some remnants of the Irish nobility, rolling hackney coaches in costume to Lord Whitworth's humbug levee. Poor things, how grand they think themselves going in state to the Pseudo court. In perfect contempt of the mockery, I sojourned to McDermott's Tavern, where I dined with Chadwick and his friends; the one a faded relic, the other a plump, maukish, gawkish, unlettered, coarse, ordinary lump of flesh. They both ate beefsteaks and veal cutlets as voraciously as if a meat repast was a treat to them; and as to Raspberry Punch, when that made its appearance, they seemed perfectly intimate with it and received it most affectionately. I was sick of the bitches, and leaving them to the care of their friend, I went home to sup and bed.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 6TH, 1813. Dined at Hemy's Commercial Tavern, notwithstanding the glorious news, on a plain and humble dish of tripes, a pot of porter and two tumblers of punch; and after paying the extravagant sum of 3/9½ for my collation, I lounge to James Hunt's who, I find in overflowing loyalty, drinking the alternate health of the gallant leaders among the allies. I join in his conviviality, drink tea with the ladies, leave it at ten, drop into a book-auction, buy two volumes of the *Anthologia Hibernica* for 5/10, and read them in bed till one. MEMO:—John Kemble made his first appearance this night in *Macbeth*.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 8TH, 1813. This being the first day of the Grand Illumination for the victory of the allies, I amused myself looking at the Show in Sackville Street till ten, and then perambulated the streets in view of this ebullition of loyalty, reading insincerity and disappointment in the countenances of nine-tenths of the blaze-gazers, and considering everyone but myself an idle fool, who strolled about in view of this wax and tallow exhibition.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 9TH, 1813. Dine at the Ormond Tavern in the Upper Room. A Bishop and a priest of Maynooth College dine at the next table and were very communicative, well-informed and pleasant companions. The illumination, too much of a good thing, going on again to-night, to the emolument

and gratification of glaziers and chandlers, the annoyance of sober housekeepers, and the risk of health, eyes and bones of children, servant-maids, shop-boys, and the idler and stroller of every sex, avocation and description. I went home and read three numbers of *Tegg's Jestbooks* before I slept.

FRIDAY, JUNE 4, 1813. After dinner take a rambling circuit over Westmoreland Street and up Anglesea Street. Lounge into booksellers' shops, then to Crow Street to see, according to ancient custom, all the blackguard boys collected to insult and pelt with small stones, gravel, periwinkles, &c., the ladies who go to the Play on this night. Boxes being free for the ladies, consequently it may be supposed what degree of respect is due to that class of the tender sex who avail themselves of this opportunity of enjoying a theatrical treat.

SATURDAY, MAY 15, 1813. Meet Old Jerry Barrett, as usual communicative and entertaining; and take him a long walk with me through Capel Street, up to Bolton Street, Dorset Street, by the Rotunda, Marlborough Street, and home over Carlisle Bridge. Have from him the character, pursuits, property and family anecdotes of the present and former inhabitants of every house we passed. Rest at the Roscius Tavern where I eat a crab, drink a pint of porter and a glass of punch; and, treating Jerry to the same, am amused for two hours with the extent of his memory, and the eccentricity of his biographical anecdotes of every person, theatrical and otherwise, within and without the circle of my acquaintance. Remain there until a press of porter-drinkers and smokers from the Middle and Upper Galleries, together with the low comedians, fiddlers, scene-shifters, door-keepers, &c., crowd in from the finish of the play in Crow Street -- Kemble in *Shylock*—and, paying my bill, I work my way through them and get home to bed at 12.

THURSDAY, MAY 13, 1813. Lounge to the Exhibition of Paintings by Irish artists at the Dublin Society House, and very much amused at it for above an hour. Dead game, vegetables and fish pieces by Doctor Richardson—very capital. Landscapes by Petrie and Sadler—very well done. And some pictures by Allpenny—pleasing. A full-length of Mr. Foster, the late speaker,

by Sir William Beechy, also hangs there. From thence I went to see the Museum of the Dublin Society, and the library belonging to it. I was highly pleased at both, and determine, when I can spare fifty guineas, to become a member of that useful institution . . . I remarked some things which might, on a future day, be applicable to Currah, viz., the geometrical staircase, specimens of Irish woods, specimens of Irish petrifications, mines, fossils, models of various implements connected with husbandry and domestic management. . . .

Lounged from the Museum to an auction in Clare Street, of a Mr. Isaac who, after having furnished his house in a most magnificent style, found out his error and miscalculation as to his means to support it; and all, of course, went to the hammer—Going! Going! Just going! Gone!!!

Dined at Lelands. They all went in the evening to a concert at the Rotunda and I went home quietly to bed.

THURSDAY, MAY 27, 1813. A fine day at last. Go out at eleven o'clock in James Hunt's jaunting car with his son Harry to the Botanic Gardens at Glasnevin, and much disappointed at not meeting Doctor Wade the Botanic Professor there. Spent two hours very pleasantly, viewing the plants and arrangements, attended for the most part by the head-gardiner, who seems to have considerable technical knowledge of the profession, but by no means sufficient depth of knowledge, genius, education and comprehension, to entitle him to be at the head of so considerable a national institution.

The plants in general have undergone a removal and new arrangement this season, on which account they do not appear in so flourishing a state. I particularly remark here the following shrubs trained to a twelve-feet wall, and most beautifully covering it, viz., *Pyracantha*, *Phyllagtha*, *Alatimus* and *Acacia*. Saw three plants of large-leaved Mountain Ash, exactly the same as the Currah accidental variety of it which, I was informed, came from Lee and Kennedy's Nursery as *Surbus Hebrides*.

Saw a good collection of *Iriss*, some varieties of *Box*, a *Gold Arbor Vitae*, some varieties of *Holly*, many of *Poplars* and *Willows*, a very beautiful *Pine*, the *Aleppo*, the leaves like the *Scotch* but delicate, and the branches weeping, and the lower branches all successfully laid. A *Siberian Stone Pine* grafted, common-cleft

way, on the Scotch, and perfectly thriving. In the flower-garden, I noticed a large globe flower with orange flowers. Went all through the Hot-houses which are capitally stocked, and a most curious and extensive variety. Returning very hungry, having had no breakfast, I gratify myself with cold lamb, a pint of porter, and a tumbler of punch at the Globe Tavern in Essex Street.

In the evening, I stopped and went through the Richmond Institution for the Industrious Blind, and saw some employed weaving coarse canvas, and others basket-making, which they did very clumsily. I also went through the Farming Society's Concerns in Summerhill, which establishment seems very complete. The workshops for carpenters, smiths and the various persons employed in making agricultural implements are extensive, commodious and well laid out. In the yard are many new and curious machines and implements of husbandry; and, adjoining the house in the rear, is a small compartment of ground laid out in beds, and the various grasses and greens for cattle are systematically classed and arranged there.

I should not omit that, on my way to Glasnevin to-day, I went over a great school, established on the Lancastrian plan, situate close by the Bridge, which seems to be most attentively and well conducted.

Returned at nightfall, jaded to death. Took refuge in an obscure tavern in Anglesea Street, the Shakespeare, where I took a crab, bread and butter, a pint of porter and two tumblers of raspberry punch. Strolled home and got to bed and rest, which I never more wanted, at ten o'clock.

SATURDAY, JUNE 5, 1813. Dined at the Griffin Tavern, a private and obscure, but comfortable place, No. 3 Dame Court. Very good veal cutlets, cold lamb, bread, cheese, &c., ale, and a tumbler of excellent punch for 3/1. Walked in the evening with Jerry Barrett who I met, and treated him at the Griffin to ale and punch. A piper, according to the evening custom of the house, played in the Box-room, for the entertainment of young attornies buck-shopmen, bankers' and merchants' clerks, and those under-rate would-be sprigs of dash and fashion, who roll into this and such houses in the evening to pass their evenings over a plate of cockles and a pint of beer. I, however, remarked some who possibly pilfer the till now and then to enable them to gratify in

this sort of luxury, extend themselves in their expenditure and boldly call out "Waiter, a kidney, and be sure let it be nice." Another, with a gentler voice, "Waiter, a naggin of raspberry and *meteerials*." Another "A tumbler, half and half, mix it yourself, waiter, and make it stiff, with a slice of lemon on the top." They all seemed delighted with the piper, but it was a great annoyance to me who would have been much more highly gratified by the eccentric anecdotes of Jerry Barrett than the musical strains of the Orpheus of No. 3 Dame Lane. Heavy and affected in my chest the entire of this day, and very glad to get home to my bed at ten o'clock.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1813. Dine at the Ormond Tavern on mock-turtle, a beefstake and raspberry punch. An antiquated gentleman with few ideas but a great appetite, sat in the box with me and greedily devoured a bloody beefstake as thick as a deal board. The only information I could extract from him was that Taverns are dearer now than they were forty years ago, and that the Ormond Tavern then went by the name of the Bird-House, in consequence of there being an aviary in it. His countenance was horrible, his eyes goggled, blear and raw, and his breath was pestiferous. Adjourned to the Hotel, read Hunter's *History of Botany Bay* till ten, and then to bed.

:

From thence we went to Robert Hunter's, 2 South Cumberland Street, Judge of the Curragh, Judge-General of country courses, Successor to Pat Sharkey and sole proprietor of the Racing Calendar, importer of stallions, manufacturer of plates, arbiter of sweepstakes, &c., &c. I was ushered into his office, a perfect depot of articles appropriate to his profession. A range of boots on the left as I entered; a museum of saddles, snaffles, bits and brodoons placed over them; a library of all his own and Sharkey's works, Weatherby's, Picks, Heber and Pond's, Taplin's Clater's, &c., too tedious to mention, graced each side of the mantle-piece. Over the chimney a copper-plate print of the Curragh. Over it, three hunting caps of different shapes and dimensions, and on each side of it, spurs, spurleathers, knee-garters, short gaiters, boot-hooks, a pocket boot-jack and a pocket dram-bottle were

arranged in method, taste and symmetry. Between the fireplace and window a print of Newmarket Course, with several minor prints of famous racers covered the vacant wall, and over Newmarket was the depository of his whips and gloves. He tells me he killed a Kerry cow, and if I would breakfast with him on Wednesday, he would give me a proper sportsman's stake. Done, says I, what's your hour? Ten to a moment, says he, p.p.

.

Breakfast at Hunter's according to my p.p. engagement of Monday. Eat beefstakes and drink porter most heartily. Complaining that the stakes were not sufficiently done for me, Hunter remarked that I should not accustom myself to eat meat too much done, as it would be improper for me to do so in case on any future occasion "I was to go into training for a pedestrian achievement, or for riding a race or match." Not intending to do either, I begged the stake might get another turn and my wishes were complied with. The breakfast-room was adorned with a picture of a race-course and some great race which I knew nothing about, some prints of horses, a print of the Father of the Turf in the reign of Charles the Second, and a print of Tattersall, late of London.

.

Dine upstairs in the O.P. Tavern. Major Taylor, a strange character, dined at the opposite table to me, and with him two gentlemen who were of that milk-and-water cast, that I had no curiosity to enquire their names. Chadwick and I had our broth and beefstake together, and at a table next to us sat a smug-faced Catholic Clergyman.

This Major, by all accounts, is worth upwards of £100,000 and spends the enormous sum of three guineas a week which he allows himself for maintenance and current expenses. These expenses consist of a breakfast at a small lodging for himself and a man-servant; a dinner in the O.P., his table being always kept for him; a pint of port if anyone will join in the bottle, otherwise punch; a cup of coffee at the Commercial Buildings, to which he adjourns every evening at eight and quits at half-past nine, at which hour his servant comes for him and follows him home with a drawn sword, which has been his custom since he

had been robbed some time since ; and a quart of porter for himself and his servant on his arrival at his house.

This is his clockwork life, unless when, occasionally on a Sunday, he may dine with his only daughter to whom he generously gives an annual Christmas gift of three guineas, and a guinea each to his grandchildren.

He is above six-feet high, herculean frame, rugged countenance, a voracious feeder, and a virulent enemy to Catholics and Catholicity. He seems to lack ideas or information on any and every other topic, and is so generally considered a man privileged to speak his sentiments on this subject, both in the Tavern and Coffee-house, that he is goaded into coarse commonplace invective, not only against the Catholic Body in a political view, but as monsters in private life. Every casual visitor amuses himself with the Protestant comedian, and, being in the habit of thus exhibiting himself with impunity by rote, he has dwindled to a loss of every faculty of mind or speech on any other subject, unless beefstakes, spatch-cocks, porter, punch, and waiter-bring-the-bill. He however this night, to my great amusement, got a powerful lecture from the aforesaid priest who, being a stranger, did not know that the Major had a patent for abusing his persuasion. The company, however, interposing, assured the sacerdotal combatant that such was the case, who wittily replied that such patents should be "*Quam diu se bene gesseriat.*" After this controversy I went home, took a pint of porter, and went to bed at ten o'clock.

.

I call at Mr. Sharman's, a bald and squalid attorney, who left his name with me yesterday. Find the ancient pettyfogger in a garret-room, washing his poor face in a wooden bowl on the only chair in the room. He, though an attorney, seemed more an object of compassion than of terror, and, having removed the basin and accommodated me with the chair, he sat on the curtainless bed and, drawing from his breeches pocket, which seemed to be the only depository of his briefs and causes, the mighty bill of £15, which he flattered himself would be productive of costs that would make him independent for the ensuing month, I had the cruelty to dash all his hopes by saying that I was prepared to pay it, and had given directions to do so on its being sent.

THE METRE OF FREE VERSE

By J. Lyle Donaghy

IN the simple æsthetic experience our reaction to the sunset does not depend on memorative comparisons other than such as are *merged* in the activity biologically, with an absoluteness of union beyond our final fathoming or exhausting, and beyond our dissociating, even as its colours are intimately part of it and indissociable in our experience, or much more so. In a word, the evolved æsthetic sense, last of successive reproductions, is at once and directly impressed by certain combinations in form as harmonious, by certain others as inharmonious.

But if it is possible at once and directly to appreciate harmony, it is possible at once and directly to create it.

I contend that the greatest harmonies, in the greatest artists, tend increasingly to come into being and to exist without the device of fictive schemes ; and that, finally, the greatest harmonies, wherein every sensible aspect of the artistic creation is expressive of feature and quality of the new organic whole, are only to be achieved directly.

A fixed metrical scheme is not necessary in order to determine and produce trisyllabic or any other rhythms—they occur in ordinary speech, and all that is required in order to produce them as a music of poetry, is the marshalling concentrating intensity of passion. So, in Whitman we find a metre—the time-strophe measure—which yet leaves poetry free to grow organically, and a harmony which is capable of every species of rhythm, achieved without a *fixed* metrical scheme or fictional scheme.

Poetic vision is : the sudden first, or sudden last, wholeness of perception of truth or beauty of the universe, which excites an intense state of sympathy therewith. Poetic expression is the plastic creative expression of the vision. Its fundamental characteristic is immediacy of presentation ; by which test alone, even though it had no other character of poetry, Walt Whitman's poetry would be consistently throughout distinguished from prose.

The importance of Walt Whitman's work, and the importance of it as a metrical demonstration, even if an imperfect one, can scarcely be over-estimated.

Matthew Arnold's "Philomela" is constructed on the same principles exactly as Walt Whitman's poetry—it is measured by time in strophes, and it is harmonic in character. It is an absolutely perfect free-verse poem. If anybody wishes to apply an interesting test, let them read it as if all the lines were in the same tempo. They will then be reading it as if it were in traditional verse form, and it will be a horrible anarchic discord. Then, let them read it naturally, each line in its own natural tempo, and it will read as a perfect harmony.

With all the modern theories of free-verse, which have arisen on both sides of the Atlantic, I do not pretend to be acquainted. Some of them, I think, are more ingenious and curious than sound or of lasting importance. On the other hand, few sincere experiments are without some value as explorations.

My own free-verse is distinguished in some general and many particular respects, and is a highly elaborate development. I began, so far as expression is concerned, with words and rhythm, or, even more fundamentally, with sound and rhythm, and my ideal was to bring them up into new ORGANIC form. By "organic" I would have expressed the idea of a form capable of plastic accommodation to the vision in every respect, *i.e.*, of the utmost, the most thorough-going adaptation to and satisfaction of the plastic representational creative requirements of poetry. From the first this was my aim, and I believe that I must on one occasion have given at least partial expression to it in an article "Two Notes on Poetry," which was published in THE DUBLIN MAGAZINE many years ago (October—December, 1930, page 21).

My free-verse is also distinguished by my determination to achieve real harmony, structurally economic, braced, nervous, *i.e.*, having that concentration, intensity and chastity of form which is characteristic of all impassioned expression, art, and especially music. Nor by "economic" do I mean "poverty-stricken," but "without waste of means or undeliberate diffusion." Unartistic diffusion I perceived at once to be the blemish of much of Walt Whitman's work, and the ruin of Carpenter's. I was set against it. Also, I was sensitive to the splendid harmonies of Greek and Latin Classical poetry, and I came at length to realize that classical quantity is comparatively favourable to harmony; accentual scheme by its nature opposed to it. But there is something inimical to poetry and even, I would say, of an unworthy

character, about all the traditional fixed-verse schemes, both quantitative and accentual; about the latter most especially. We become awake at length to the insidious dullness of the metre even in Shakespeare and Milton; and I have sometimes been able to read Macpherson's Ossian, when I could not bring myself to suffer the triflingness and intrusive vanity of fixed-verse schemes.

My free-verse effort, therefore, was characterised by a determination to achieve concentrated pure harmony. *This led me to the conception that there is a counterpointing of part against part, as of phrase (the verbal speech unit) against phrase, line against line, which is the essence of finest harmonies, indeed, of all harmony worth being called so.* The counterpointing of a fictive scheme is unnecessary and undesirable. Milton almost counterpointed his fictive schemes out of existence in "Samson Agonistes"; in the Choruses did so, for all practical purposes; and Walt Whitman amply demonstrated that harmonies of every kind could be produced without fictive schemes. What is finally important is the counterpointing of phrase and phrase, line and line, *so that the most various types of phrase and line may consist together harmoniously in a larger harmony.*

When I wrote "The Silver Bough," therefore, I employed a time-strophic principle, together with a counterpoint principle which operated within the strophic. Thus, in "The Pit" (in "Primordia Caeca") for more distinctly poetic parts I employed a verse system of *lines* governed metrically by these principles, and, I maintain, succeeded absolutely in the main passages where I employed it, as in the following two passages:—

"Obedience you mis-think;
 for what is true obedience
 but to hear with understanding
 greatest harmonies,
 with ear attesting, act!
 or what, apart from this, is life and joy!
 or what is God's power
 but to propose such music!"

and

"Obedience not rooted in understanding, whether yielded
 or exacted is bad slavery;

so some disobey, not hearing, for whom is longer
 sufferance ; but fullest life is in most hearing—
 then life is most true,
 and like a ship obeys the helm
 whence her direction's sprung,
 as from a root
 growing prone in the waters
 a natural course :
 such freedom have we from of old—
 some say, that God was not less bound."

(At the time I wrote " The Silver Bough " I employed the term " God " to denote a principle working increasingly for good in the world. I have since discarded the practice as, on many grounds, unadvisable).

For other parts of the poem from which the above passages are quoted, I employed only the *period*, governed generally by the time-strophe principle ; or, in other words, regularly balanced periods. Among other demonstrations which I regard as metrically perfect, of the counterpoint principle within the strophic, were " The Dawn Streams " and " Wind-Water."

In the following passage in " The Pit,"

" As at his word, or winning new-emancipated ears, music
 invaded all my being :

first rose
 low spirals of sweet sound,
 volume angelical,
 revolving upward from Hell's floor ;
 then further
 deeper sounds
 from farthest shores,
 that hove into the swell of noise
 majestic, with various uproar ;
 then rush and clang
 of airy sounds
 and silver lingual, in affray,
 like parti-coloured autumnal leaves,
 at skirts of the rash whirlwind gathering ;

then ever more
 and different sounds,
 that welled,
 till of all being
 and unbeing
 was blent rare melody, ,
 and through the breached sense Babel ascended
 musical,"

I attempted a more complex music, in which *rhythmical imitation* was deliberately exploited to the full, and this, I think, successfully; but the general governing principles were the same.

Some years before "The Silver Bough," in one of my earliest free-verse experiments, I used the device of starting a line or strophe with a strongly-stressed (naturally), significant word, and then, after a natural pause, drawing the sense out rapidly from it in strophe—much as in music an initial chord is sometimes struck and a few bars developed from it. I, now, in writing "The Silver Bough" used this chord principle *organically* in several poems. It is used in "The Dawn Streams" for both the single period of the poem and for lines in the poem; in parts 1 and 4 of "Magnum per Inane," and for the two periods of "Wind-Water." It is also used in "The Scribe," and in "The Seekers," both for the minor and major periods. The chord principle is used variously, in a very great number of my poems and accounts for the manner in which many of them are "set out." In use, on analysis, it shows an interesting resemblance to Hebrew Parallelism. I have since noticed in a French Anthology what looks very like the same principle, used by Adrien Mithouard in a fragmentary poem, "Les Trois Brins D'herbe." The poem was published in 1922, so it seems that I was not the first to use the principle deliberately. Adrien Mithouard was a keen musician.

Similarly, other like devices which I had invented and experimented with previously I now employed (in "The Silver Bough") as occasion arose. *Nor was there any prosodial device known to me which I was not prepared to use when it should be organically dictated to me within my free-verse form.* On this principle later I have employed effects (as in poems in "Wilderness Sings") which might look like a return to traditional lyric verse-forms, but are produced *strictly* on my free-verse principles—

and occur in the poems somewhat, though only somewhat, as the melody is sometimes more explicit in places in harmonised music.

How early exactly I began to adapt to my purposes in free-verse the internal rhyme and assonance principle which I had learned first from Austin Clarke's great poem "The Sword of the West," I do not now remember—but it must have been soon after the appearance of Clarke's poem. Later, I had recourse to works on Irish prosody and made some investigation of the subject for myself, which led to further experiment.

In the latest period of my free-verse, represented by "Wilderness Sings," my free-verse has been determined finally in a musical direction. In "Wilderness Sings" strophe, a TRUE TIME measure, and musical "rest" are exploited to the utmost, yet not without consideration of qualities obtained by different types of "foot" (to borrow that quantitative term). In this essentially MUSICAL mode of verse-making, complete rhyme (rime riche) at once inevitably leaps into prominence and reveals a fresh power and use, since it is natural that key words in a theme of thought should be repeated in its expression, which words repeated may then be woven into musical phrases and movements as notes repeated in music are. This rhyming principle I have exploited to the full in the poems. Similarly, internal rhyme, full-rhyme, and assonance, MARK and RELIEVE the measure consonantly with the sense, everywhere in the poems, and frequently work out in such a way that an essential internal rhyme pattern becomes as it were unveiled and external in the conclusion of the poem, fitly with the sense resolved.

Sometimes I use assonance midway in the line, or elsewhere, as a natural sensitive pivotal stress which is capable of the most varying significance—as transitional, evolutionary, returning, contrastive, correspondent, etc., sometimes I use it for thematically protractive and integrative purposes, sometimes for collective effects structurally, sometimes for conclusive ones; sometimes I use it more for emphasis and sometimes more representationally, but always I use it organically. Rhyme and assonance internal and external are a very life PULSE of the verse.

Again, the establishment of the strophes is a matter of elaborate production in order to obtain distinct measures. Sometimes they are established by assistance of change in rhythm and

tempo, sometimes by abruptness of transition from long strophe to short, or short to long, and sometimes by other means, such as have regard to effects of succession of kinds of the terminal and initial feet of any two lines. *Every fresh length of strophe introduced, once definitely and clearly established as a measure of the poem, may usually afterwards be employed with more freedom, but still not without a just ear.* Then, all the strophic measures so employed in a poem must combine and interweave variously in a balanced and *true-bonded* structure, no less than was always required of stanza or sonnet or any elaborate poetic composition in the traditional metres—the difference is that in free-verse the structure is always and ever organic and expressive.

I regard the bulk of the poems in "Wilderness Sings" and at least one of the Philosophical Poems in it, as perfect or almost perfect metrically. Among these are "Pastorale," "Revelation," "The Whale," "Hawk," "Eyrie," and "Rhodope," and also the Symphonies, the Fantasias and the Fugue, in which, furthermore, I exploited some of the general structural features of those musical forms. More than seventy-five per cent. of the lines in the book could not justifiably be described as loose in rhythm; on the contrary, the exact opposite is their characteristic; they are firm, intense, and more or less concentrated harmonic lines, unmistakable and certainly powerfully marked in rhythm. Since nobody else will say this, but all appear to deny it, I must say it.

THE RHYTHMS OF POETRY ARE DISTINGUISHED BY THE PULSING INSISTENCE OF THE STRESSES—which, of course, are always natural unless distorted by fixed scheme. TRUE RHYTHM IS NOT PRODUCED BY ACCENT, OR EVEN BY STRESS OR FIXED NUMBER OF STRESSES; BUT, ORIGINATING DEEP WITHIN, AND MODIFIED IN THE PARTICULAR EXPERIENCE OR VISIONING, IMPRESSES ITSELF ON THE SPEECH MATTER, OCCASIONING INSISTENT STRESSES. The impressing of the speech matter by the true rhythm of experience, or of seeing of the vision, is hampered and rendered not wholly possible by any arbitrary fixed scheme accentual or quantitative. True rhythm is not produced within the mechanic slavery of conventional quantity. Nor is it produced by accentual schemes, like all the lame in Jerusalem setting forth with their crutches *beating out of their own time* because on the *irregular flags*. (In a nation of the blind none laments the lack of sight—in a nation that go on crutches, few are observant of the inequality of pro-

gress, the halt and the stagger). Nor is it produced by arbitrary stress schemes. It is produced by a certain natural physiological-psychological action of the being on the natural speech materials. It is probably, in fact, occasioned and governed far more directly than we usually suppose by the pulsation of the heart, modified in the particular experience, and requiring the freest possible response from every vocal constituent and every vocal combination of vowel, consonant, and punctuation mark, in the natural speech material.

Now, the essence of rhythm is number, *i.e.*, it is time. No rhythm can exist without a unit of measurement, however subtle it may be, and, at times, inapprehensible or involving a principle of change. It is not surprising, therefore, to find that the natural poetic rhythms fall into measures which correspond approximately to the natural speech units of the line, and whose centres of stress fall within those speech units. *The metrical feet of free-verse are given by the divisions into which the words in a line fall when the line is spoken naturally.* (The naturally-stressed word, as was observed by Bridges; tends to carry its own proclitics and enclitics). If any fictive musical time scheme is employed for the feet, the verse will be more or less unnatural, and will not, *other things being equal*, have the truth and freshness of a verse directly created. Any absolute regularisation of the length of strophe, similarly falsifies the verse-form; for the natural poetic rhythmic units must have the utmost freedom possible to move in every species of periodic multiple of the unit, in double-feet, in strophic multiples, in larger period-strophic multiples. The metrical principle of free-verse is thorough-going.

In the following passages from "Eyrie," which is entirely a counter-pointed harmony, I have marked the natural speech divisions and the primary stresses:—

(1) "Man | subsides | out of his shape | like waves | like ores | fluxed
like dumb-bell | drops | of water | in the sea—"

(2) "pour | in billow | on the ash-tree
though there be | no yellow shells | in those high | leaves | of ash
and over there | mountain ash—
pour | in billow | on the fronded | leaves "

the only truthful speaking of these passages gives, naturally, approximately equal time to each foot. But, again, that does not say that a method of counting stresses or a fictive musical time-scheme would produce exactly the same effects. Nevertheless, the poet may well have regard to the natural metrical divisions of his lines, for it is on these divisions that he depends for his great plastic metrical art of counterpointed phrase and line. The many expressive qualities in the above passages are directly referable primarily to the counterpointed variety of the feet. This is so throughout the whole poem, and I am personally of opinion that verbal music could not be more truly expressive than it is in the poem.

I quote one more passage from this poem in order to exemplify the developed expressive use in the poem of double feet :—

“ Blow, | winds,
 strong | is my delight in you
 strong | is my delight | in your high truth | and splendour | of freedom—
 though the high storm | has darkened | the hill world
 though the flood rains | have driven | athwart
 on the frail canvas | plucked east | and west—
 though the lightnings | have been
 and flashed | pallor | in the doorway
 that looked | on a black | world
 and thunders | eyried on hill-tops | echoing massed—
 the heavens | four handfuls | of thunder | on four hill-tops
 answering | each other
 clouds | gathered | on the high hill-tops
 companionhoods | of thunder
 and splendour | of freedom—”

here the metres hollow apart and swell into double metres, of which, admitting two weights of double metre, there are twelve in the passage (unnatural emphasis of the divisions in reading should, however, be avoided). They are prepared for in the period partly by an initial strophe consisting of two simple feet. The changes of the storm are followed closely throughout by the changing counterpointed phrases and strophes.

As to the twenty-five per cent. of lines remaining, they consist mostly of lines for which the longer and more rapid strophe is used, and are generally used suitably to their purpose. The

longer and more rapid strophe has something of the effect of *litany*. In "Intuition of Nature" both this longer general strophe and the strophe with harmonic counterpoint are used. In the philosophical "Ode to Nature" lines mainly of the type of litany are used, though blended with more choric lines, the poem rising to a conclusion of a harmonic character (indeed, partly created on a Sophoclean model as I indicated with a Greek key phrase), in a single period of counterpointed strophic lines.

Three of the four Philosophical Poems, aiming at enlarged philosophical visibility, however they may be propaganda in a higher understanding of the word than is usual, did not and do not lack a sufficient primary art cause and motive of creation. The fourth, however, which was written partly as a challenge to certain modern Schools of Poetry, which presume themselves to be astonishingly realist, but are often, in fact, unreal and distortive of reality, is a little open to the charge.

The vision in a philosophical poem may be regarded as the final intense perception, in its wholeness and luminousness, of a natural body of thought or truth in its natural bodyness. Immediacy of presentation of poetry, in a philosophical poem, becomes, then, for general purposes, immediacy of presentation of the thought, *i.e.*, presentation in the immediate order of, with the centrality, unity and directness of the seeing of the vision.

Both "Of the Eternity of Nature" and "Of the Infinity of Nature" conform, I think, not unworthily to this ideal. They are concentrated form representational, as far as may be, of the theme, at once moulded by the vision-freely-yet-strictly-apprehended, and conditioned musically both by the harmony of the vision, in which things fall into order as bring truth, and the requirements of a verbal medium which exacts a harmonious balance of the parts of expression, a balanced rhythmic or modulated procession of number in speech, such as fitly enacts the moving life-rhythm of blood and nerve, of a vital intent, vivid seeing.

In conclusion, as regards the gliding into and out of English Heroic Blank verse, sometimes practised in free-verse, exactly the opposite—the integrity of the free-verse form—was and is my relentless aim; and, lest I have not sufficiently made it clear, I would emphasise that the time-strophe is a TRUE TIME measure, and, I contend, the only true measure of verse.

IN THE EVENING HE IS CUT DOWN

By Leslie H. Daiken

"Lord, what is man . . . ? In the morning he flourisheth and sprouteth afresh ; in the evening he is cut down, and withereth."

THEY gave Uncle Velvel good Jewish burial, a minimum of pomp and obsequies. No wreaths or cockades ; no plumes on the horses' foreheads. What the ceremony lacked in ostentation it made up for in attendance ; what it lost in dignity it gained in garrulousness among the mourners. First came relatives and friends. They seemed to spring from nowhere. Yankel, uncomfortable whichever way he turned, kept pacing up and down the top landing in front of the room where the body lay stretched. Women followed, nattily dressed. Shuffling past him they shed a sharp whiff of scent upon this cadenza in black for which alone they seemed to have eyes and ears. On viewing the corpse they would sigh voluptuously and mutter in Yiddish : " He sleeps so quietly."

The halldoor was kept ajar to admit an increasing stream of callers. In the parlour, where the mirrors were shrouded with white linen cloths, a waxen-faced old man, former school-fellow of Uncle Velvel back in *der hame*, was praying intensely. His body, from hips to head, swayed backward and forward in time to the murmurous beat of the phrases. He was reciting, from memory, verses from the forty-ninth psalm, for the Chief Musician. A Psalm of the Sons of Korah.

Downstairs Yankel heard a scuffle of feet, a commotion. Somebody drawled : " Hey ! willya come-on, for the luvva Mike. Here's the blinkin' hearse already waitin' ! "

An old crone sang out in Yiddish : " Oi, oi, here comes the carriage that takes us all Home ! "

A black-hatted *shnorrer* dressed in the clerical gabardine of the Eastern Europe fashion, approached, pencil and notebook in his hand, muttering in his beard, a professional parasite looking for a touch. " Preying on our fear of the grave," he meditated, " they sure pick the right moment for milking the money-bags." Yankel looked through the toucher with an alien coolness. The man waddled away and out into the garden to reckon his half-

dollar totals between the privet hedges. No sooner had he shifted than Yankel was button-holed by another stranger, a man without a beard, who muttered words that meant no more to him than *Blah, blah, 'blah*. Nodding his head earnestly, he replied in the same vernacular, *Blah, blah, blah*,—a mere formality. Yossel Weinstock was there too, in his white spats, striped trousers, and black tie, the parochial necrophiliac whose crocodile eye-balls would moisten for any congregational coffin in the hope of having his presence noticed by the principal mourners. With what fidelity he followed to the graveside, any and every cadaver, there to cry and cringe and *zu-krechtsen* with the best of them. "The Raven," as Yossel was known among the billiard-playing fraternity, though his arrival at a burial was not exactly regarded as an asset, would have, by his absence, caused comment darkened with a sense of foreboding, a hint of portent.

Up to the front door rattled the hearse, a black box on four wheels in its simplicity resembling a Boland's bread-van, but having its decency gilded by a suitable inscription in gold-leaf Hebrew lettering on either side: *Ze-dokah tatz-lich M'mawvess*, "Charity Averts The Hand of Death."

Behind it there began to fall into line, a file of horse-cabs, pony-traps, broughams, with a few taxi-cabs in the rear. The ancient driver, a veteran employee of the *Hevra Kadisha*, Holy Burial Society, acted also as coffin-bearer, skipping down from his coachman's seat and hobbling up the gravel path to perform his duties. He wore a dilapidated tweed lounge-suit, Perlmutter style, an antiquated black bowler hat which sat down over his ears as in an Ikeymo cartoon. The tight suiting and slick sloucher worn by his apprentice, a younger man, served only to emphasise his own tatterdemalion appearance.

Accompanied by three others he shouldered the coffin, an unstained box that was suggestive of something naked, and together they slid it into the mobile cavity.

The mourners took their seats and the cortege clop-clopped away, leaving the house quite empty, and warm with the smell of the living. A soldier gave a military salute. Pedestrians raised their hats. Nursemaids, realising that this was no everyday Christian funeral, stopped their prams, turned around, stared. A child in its go-car shook its curly head and waved its hand, calling out "Day-day! Day-day!"

Mr. Goldfarb, glaring out from his cab-window, complained : " See, see how they stare at us ! We're a bara-barick primitive people. I suppose we're a sight for sore eyes."

" Ssh ! Shah," admonished his companion, " Don't be so foolish, Fifeka, *Loz nur der ayberster geben die ge-zunt—dem leben keñen mir zich alein nemen !*" (Let the Almighty give us only our health : we can take our own Life by ourselves !)

With a lurch, the coach drew to a standstill.

" Ach, we're at the *shul*, already."

The hearse had stopped in front of the synagogue so that out of respect for the dead man, his bier might, as befits one of the Tribe of Levi, pass before the House of God.

Across the canal-bridge over which he had so often trudged to and from his devotions, they followed Uncle Velvel on his last earthly journey, alongside the towpath elms, then turning off the road into a bohareen, the glossy wheels jolting over cart-ruts. A white terrier dog scampered after the cortege, barking at the horses' feet. In the distance, across fields that lay heavy and damp in a wraith-like desolation, over the blackberry bushes could be seen a crumbling grey mansion, cloistered in its century-old gloom, with a clump of beeches acting as a windhover.

They came to the mortuary outhouse at the entrance to the cemetery. People began to descend and file out and on to the ground where newly-laid tombstones, fabulously white, contrasted with the more weathered headstones in the furthest section of the walled-in plot. Women, as he thought, out of place, with their tailored suitings and their prettiness. Death, Birth, Vaudeville, Synagogue Service, Funeral—they played it as a game, always with style, with the accent on flesh. O, well wasn't Death to them merely a milestone on some fine fashionable boulevard, an abrupt halting on the champs elysées of Eternity ? The grave-garden—the *Beth Olàm* ; they even call it The House of Everlasting. . . . *M'chayeh ha-mayssim* . . . Blessed art thou O Lord who maketh the dead to live again. The Orphan's Prayers—the *Kaddish*, a thanksgiving for life ! *Yis-ga-dal* . . . Life Everlasting.

Now the cantor was intoning unusual prayers. The same voice, heard at weddings, festivals, christenings, although familiar to the ear, seemed now to poise eerily in the open spaces under the sky, impersonal, remote. As the coffin was being lowered

amidst the sweating and grunting of the gravediggers, there occurred a sudden onrush from the mourners towards the edge of the pit, to view the box. Yankel stepped quickly out of the way. Although filled with nausea at such a display of vulgarity, he was yet solicitous for his own safety.

As the clay ticked upon the pitch-pine boards, with the noise of falling poppy-seeds, he could hear a chorus of wailing women, fat and fantastic as they clung to the scar in the earth, crying out :

“ Owowowowowowowowowow ! ”

Then a female voice, solo, was lifted up, saying :

“ Such a nice m-a-a-n ! ”

Another took up the challenge with :

“ He was sooch a very nice m-a-a-a-n ! ”

In *moderato*, a third, echoed shrilly :

“ He *was*, O he *was*, a nice man ! ”

Then philharmonically, in a crescendo chorus they all moaned :

“ Owowowow ! Oi, oi io ! OWOWOWOW ! Such a nice, such a good man ! ” Through eyes sick with tears he could glimpse the bearded gentleman scribbling furiously in his notebook and hopping like a bar-fly from clot to human clot.

Yankel made wisecracks with himself, a private distraction. Despite a paroxysm of outraged pique, he tabulated in his brain-box, for his own perverse pleasure, a list of remarks in the form of an Etiquette Book for use on such occasions. Permissible and non-permissible remarks. He derived considerable pleasure from composing data for the second catagory. Looking across at Itzka, hitherto taking an obscure place on the hindmost flank of the crowd, he imagined that he read in his glance just one of the unmentionable phrases, “ Cripes, I wish it was all over and done with ! ”

He ran them over in his mind as he nodded flatly at his companion, with an expression full of pain and boredom and supreme helplessness.

“ Are ya doin’ annything to-night ? ”

“ Wish I’d a smoke ! ”

“ O for a ball of malt ! ”

“ O for two balls of malt ! ”

“ Amen ! ”

The cantor's singing was now raised again, and the crowd, on the point of dissolving, kept looking in his direction. A man came over to Yankel and took him by the arm, gently urging him forward. With his other hand he brushed aside mourners, tapped them on the back, and cut the throng into a lane down which he led his young charge. "Kùm, kùm," he said in a kindly tone, "it's now for you to say the *Kaddish*. Kùm, mein kind."

Yankel did not attempt to resist his guidance. In full view of all he stepped forward. Feeling that all gazes were upon him, he began to articulate The Orphan's Prayers Because of Bereavement.

Quietly, dreamily at first, then almost savagely, he recited the *Kaddish*. A respectful hush attended his single voice dropping and dipping over the marble headstones. Starlings, bent on roosting in the shrubbery by the old Georgian residence, flew overhead, soaring and chattering in the failing light.

" Yiss-borach,	Let Him be blessed.
ve-yiss-tabbach,	And praised.
ve-yiss-po-aar,	And glorified.
ve-yiss-ro-mam,	And exalted.
ve-yiss-na-say,	And extolléd.
ve-yiss-ha-daar,	And honouréd.
ve-yiss-aa-leh,	And magnified.
ve-yiss-a'lall. . . .	And laudéd.
Shemey Dee'koodshah,	The Name of the Holy One."

The mourners, as in a litany, in one voice sang out :

"B'reech hoo. . . . Blesséd Be He."

Yankel's voice continued, in a trance, far-away, automatically doing something apart from his will, a rhyme learned in childhood spurting forth from the oilwells of yesterday, meaninglessly yet beautiful in its sonority.

"Though he be high above all the blessings and hymns,
Though he be high above all praises and consolations, which
in the world are uttered. And say ye all—Amen."

"Amen!" responded the assembly with a heavy finality. Then they began to disperse. Yankel re-entered the two-horsed black brougham coach, now facing down the lane, and ready in the direction of the tow-path to lead back the other cars and carriages.

Death had been acknowledged. Life had been vindicated. *The Kaddish* had been recited by the bereaved male over the remains of Uncle Velvel. Now he could sleep. Now and forever, in the House of Everlasting, his bones would have rest ; and his spirit, abiding peace.

DEAN SWIFT'S TOUR OF MUNSTER

By R. Wyse Jackson

EIGHTEENTH century anecdote reports that when Dean Swift rode into Dublin from Laracor, his feet firmly planted in great top-boots fastened to the saddle, the slum dwellers who revered him as the Drapier used to greet him with rousing cheers and bring out bands to escort him to St. Patrick's Close. In his lifetime he had become a legend. He was a legend, not only in the slums of the Coombe, but also all over Ireland. North, south, east and west, the footprints of the wandering Dean remain to this day. He penetrated to the most remote highlands of the south, and in the outlying fishing villages of the south, men still remember the coming of the Drapier on horseback.

By far the most obscure of all Swift's travels was that undertaken in Munster during the summer of 1723. It was obscure because he refrained from leaving a track of correspondence behind him. Apart from an extremely dull Nature poem in Latin couplets he wrote practically nothing on this trip. And so the little that we know about this journey has to be conjectured and assembled painfully from tradition and from the reminiscences of his friends.

Perhaps the first reference to any trip in Munster is contained in a letter to Vanessa, dated May, 1719. In this the Dean says, writing in schoolboy French, "I shall go shortly to visit a gentleman, but I know yet neither the name nor the locality of his house." This person, the details about whose residence seem so vague in Swift's mind, was an eccentric ancestor of the Earls of Llandaff, who resided at Thomastown, the seat of the Mathew

family. He was a man who prided himself on being the perfect host. His peculiar notion of hospitality made him efface himself entirely from his guests, who were encouraged to treat his house in every way as a hotel—except that they did not have to pay a bill. There was a free tavern, and a free coffee room and a free bowling green—in fact everything that a traveller could desire. Swift was so charmed with the place and with the comforts of its hospitality, and, one may even suspect, with its cheapness, that he stayed there for no less than four months.

Four years later Swift set out for a longer tour. Probably he felt it wise to be out of the range of the bitter tongues of Dublin gossip during that summer of 1723. He had broken finally with poor passionate baffled Vanessa. She did not forgive him, and in her final illness she had vented her pent-up resentment against Swift by cutting his name out of her will and by leaving all her property to an amiable stranger, Bishop Berkeley. All kinds of stories about Vanessa's relationship with Cadogan were swirling around the salons of Dublin. No matter if they were false; no matter if the unhappy Dean were the victim of nothing worse than his own vanity and lack of firmness. When she died rumour would rise to a frenzy of spite. Much better for Swift to keep out of the public eye for a while. To escape from the malicious chattering of polite conversation the Dean was timing his journey to begin in the middle of May. In a letter from Dublin, dated May 11th, 1723, he wrote to Robert Cope, saying "I will tell you that for some years I have intended a southern journey, and this summer fixed for it, and I hope to set out in ten days. I never was in these parts"—that is, in the extreme south,—“nor am acquainted with a christian among them, so that I shall be little more than a passenger; from thence I go to the Bishop of Clonfert, who expects me and pretends to be prepared for me I may be in Clonfert by the middle of July.” A little time passed before he actually set out. There were delays and set backs. On the first of June he wrote again to Cope to say “I go where I was never before, without one companion, and among people where I know no creature, and all this is to get a little exercise for curing a sore head.” The reason sounds a little too ingenuous to be entirely true.

The next day Vanessa died. Swift decided to leave at once; to cut all his connection with Dublin and with his friends and to

disappear without delay. No doubt he was wise. Writing long after midnight that same day to his friend Knightley Chetwode, he added a hasty sentence to a business letter. "I am forced to leave town sooner than I expected." That was the last scrap of correspondence for fully two months.

Where did he go? The first stage was Wood Park. Here we lose his tracks altogether. It may be that he stayed in Johnstown, Co. Kilkenny—there is a tradition at Johnstown Spa that he spent some nights at that pleasant little village. Thomastown would be another familiar port of call, though there is no certainty that he stayed there on this second tour. At any rate he was familiar with the aspect of Co. Tipperary. Nine years later he wrote a bitter description of the county to Dean Brandreth.

"I think I once was in your county, Tipperary, which is like the rest of the whole kingdom, a bare face of nature, without houses or plantations; filthy cabins, miserable, tattered, half-starved creatures, scarce in human shape; one insolent oppressive squire to be found in twenty miles riding: a parish church to be found only in a summer's day journey, in comparison of which, an English farmer's barn is a cathedral; a bog of fifteen miles round; every meadow a slough, and every hill a mixture of rock, heath and marsh; and every male and female, from the farmer inclusive to the day labourer, infallibly a thief, and consequently a beggar, which in this island are terms convertible. The Shannon is rather a lake than a river, and has not the sixth part of the stream that runs under London bridge. There is not an acre of land in Ireland turned to half its advantage yet it is better improved than the people; and all these evils are effect of the English tyranny, so your sons and grandsons will find out to their sorrow." What a typical sample of Swift's passionate indignation this is! And may it not reflect the bitterness and agony of mind with which he rode southwards on that mournful trip, haunted always by the tragic ghost of a friendship gone sour; remembering always Vanessa dead and hating him—tortured Vanessa leaving her legacy of spite and disillusionment?

Wherever he may have travelled, Swift seems to have missed Cashel. Years afterwards, when the black cloud of stupor was already beginning to overshadow his mind, his friend and former opponent, Archbishop Theophilus Bolton invited him to pay a first visit to see King Cormac's Chapel, "built beyond controversy

above eight hundred years ago." The terms of Bolton's letter imply that Swift had never seen Cashel. We may conjecture that it was by an alternative route that Swift eventually arrived at Cork City.

Here we are on firmer ground. We know that he was entertained to dinner by the Corporation. The curtain lifts for a moment to show a rival wit scoring off the Gloomy Dean. Swift was observed absent-mindedly pouring apple sauce over his duck. "Why," exclaimed the Cork humorist joyously, "the Dean eats his duck like a goose!" The province had scored a point over the great Dubliner. The incident provides the atmosphere for Swift's sour description of the city. "Cork indeed was a place of trade, but for some years past is gone to decay, and the wretched merchants, instead of being dealers, are dwindled to pedlars and cheats." He did not love Cork. But on this unhappy pilgrimage, seeking forgetfulness, would he easily have loved any town or any place? Thirteen years later the Mayor and Corporation, filled with patriotic zeal, and perhaps remembering his presence at their civic banquet, presented him with the freedom of the city, three members dissenting vigorously. The minutes of that body record that transaction briefly—"Revd. Deane Jonathan Swift in a silver box." He had not been generous with his praise of Cork, and Cork was economical towards him. The Reverend Dean was not particularly flattered. The Drapier might well have expected something better. Nine months later he wrote to Lord Orrery "I am told by others as well as your Lordship that the City of Cork hath sent me my Silver Box and Freedom, but I know nothing of it . . . when I get my Cork box I will certainly sell it for not being gold." In due course the casket did arrive, a full twelvemonth after its granting, to be returned with more promptness than it had been sent because it bore no inscription. Ultimately the omission was remedied, and the last we hear of the casket is that it was left by will to a friend to keep his twist tobacco in. The wry wit of the Drapier had won the last round against the humorists of Cork.

Westward and still westward Swift rode during the long days of that summer of 1723. He passed by Protestant Bandon, pausing, so they say, to write a satirical tail to the notorious diehard motto of that selectly populated town. At last he reached the cliffs and fiords of Carbery—beautiful, lonely, hospitable

country. The soft beauty of the best of Munster began to soothe him. His host was a clergyman who had known him, perhaps from a distance, when Swift had first come to the Deanery ten years before. At journey's end in the tower of Castlehaven, Swift found a welcome from the Reverend Thomas Somerville. There was a warmth in that tapestried home before the logs blazing in that great brass fireplace with its margin of blue Dutch tiles. There was unfeigned friendship at last for that tragic wanderer with the bark like an ill-tempered dog. Thomas and his comfortable wife Anne had the insight to see the burning sincerity of one who was as honest as God's angels underneath his pathetic sourness. The shattered traveller began to thaw, began even to find enjoyment in little boating excursions round about the coast of Glandore and towards Baltimore. He rambled and climbed among the rocks and caves like a boy, so that on occasion he had to be rescued from death on the jagged cliffs by a couple of able-bodied servants. He even tried to write Nature poetry. Dryden had remarked years before "Cousin Swift, you will never be a poet." Dryden was quite right; the corroded pen which could scratch the *Modest Proposal* could not turn easily to the lyrical. Swift's *Rupes Carberiae* was definitely a very bad poem. But at least it shows that the old Swift who had loved the quicksets and the cherry-blossom of Laracor, was not quite dead. He was beginning to re-awaken a little to beauty. For a moment he was able to forget the jagged ugliness of life. Here is a fragment from Dr. Dunkin's prim little translation of some of Swift's poem, but no more stilted than the original thirty-four lines of prosaic Latin hexameters :

" Lo from the top of yonder cliff that shrouds
Its airy head amidst the azure clouds,
Hangs a huge fragment, destitute of props ;
Prone on the waves the rocky ruin drops ;
With hoarse rebuff the swelling seas rebound
From shore to shore the rocks return the sound."

The neighbouring families did their best to honour the traveller. They entertained him and asked him to dinner parties. But the mysterious gloom of the tragic visitor was hard to break down. Only once was it achieved. The occasion was at a dinner party given by Richard Townsend, when Swift really did laugh

heartily for the first time since Vanessa's death. And the cause was the baiting of an unfortunate English sea captain, with an unhappily small sense of humour.

At last the time came to say farewell to Carbery, and to face his horse northwards. He was on his way to Clonfert. He was riding the hundred and twenty miles to the miniature cathedral city with its tiny church, the last blaze of the glory of Irish Romanesque. Where did he go? The problem remains unsolved. But it does seem that he must have passed through the grey city of Limerick, under the shadow of King John's battered old fortress, and over the Shannon into the hills of Clare. For in the neat little village of Sixmilebridge in that county, tradition has preserved a solitary footprint. It is one of those pointless legends so devoid of merit that only truth can justify them. Swift was staying, so they say, at the hostelry at Sixmilebridge. It was a Friday, and a notable day in that house in Catholic Clare, for there was a kind of church convention there, and the bishop and the dignitaries of the county were dining at the inn on fasting fare. Could Swift have meat for his dinner? The landlady was doubtful. She didn't quite like What would the Bishop think? It didn't seem quite right to have the smell of cooking about the house just then Swift quite understood. But would she send a message from him to the Bishop? Promptly he jotted down half a dozen lines of verse; typical lines in their self-confident irony, Jove-like from habit, but good-humoured, and not intended to annoy:

“ Can any man of common sense
Think eating meat gives God offence,
Or that the herring hath a charm
The Almighty's anger to disarm?
Wrapt up in majesty divine
Does He reflect on what we dine? ”

The answer came at once. By all means the Dean of St. Patrick's was to have whatever he wished to eat. The elephantine playfulness of the Drapier met the courtesy of the Bishop. One likes to think that they saw one another and exchanged greetings.

Is this story true? One can only say, like one of George A. Birmingham's characters, “ It might be.” *Prima facie*, there is

no reason for not believing it. And if it really did happen, we can follow our lonely traveller northwards, through Ennis, past the blue hills of Slieve Aughty, along the Shannon by Portumna, and into the public eye again at the palace of Clonfert.

And so Swift came home. We need not dwell long on his stay at Clonfert. At any rate he saw enough of it and of its surrounding diocese to write scurrilously about it to his crony Sheridan—that humorous, luckless, schoolmaster-divine—and to advise him not to seek preferment there, wherever else he might try. In this letter, dated the third of August, and concerning his return, Swift says, “No, I cannot possibly be with you so soon; there are too many rivers, bogs and mountains between; besides, when I leave this, I shall make one or two short visits in my way to Dublin, and hope to be in town by the end of this month. . . . If you are for a curacy of twenty-five pounds a year, and ride five miles every Sunday to preach to six beggars, have at you; and yet this is no ill country, and the bishop has made, in four months, twelve miles of ditches from his house to the Shannon, if you talk of improving.”

The circle completes itself. By the twentieth of September he is back in Dublin, and he is writing to Alexander Pope to tell him that he has travelled over four hundred miles on “a summer expedition of four months on account of my health.” Some day perhaps we may find a series of letters to tell us more about what happened during those summer weeks. Till then, the Munster visit remains one of the most baffling and obscure episodes in the career of Swift.

DOROTHY OSBORNE

By Lorna Reynolds

BECAUSE people for the most part are snails, hiding their soft and tender selves beneath the crustacean covering of what they would like to be, and even more what they have been led to believe they should be, one delights in the revelation of a complete, uninjured, unflinching and fearless personality.

One is charmed by the whole person that a Dorothy Osborne, for instance, shows in her letters. One reads and re-reads them as one does a good play. One comes to imagine her life in detail.

She lived in an England that was still unspoiled country, shaggy with wood from the Dee to the Severn, an England of great houses and beautiful gardens, myrtled and laurelled, of deplorable roads, of a Robin-Hood-vagabondage secretly continuing in the forests; and in her occasional description of the country there is something of the same enchantment which invests Shakespeare's England. "I walk out into a common that lies hard by the house, where a great many young wenches keep sheep and cows, and sit in the shade singing of ballads. I go to them and compare their voices and beauties to some ancient shepherdesses that I have read of, and find a vast difference there; but trust me these are as innocent as those could be," she says, and one remembers the Audreys and Phœbes of Arden, the green cornfields and running brooks of that golden world. "Last night I was in the garden till eleven o'clock—It was the sweetest night that ever I saw. The garden looked so well and the jasmine smelt beyond all perfume," she remarks, and the scented garden of Olivia's soft retirement comes to mind.

About this England she travelled, though the times were as bad as the roads, lumbering along in the clumsy family coach, up to London, or across the country on a visit to one or other of her relations. She was a bad traveller and caught cold, and suffered greatly from fatigue—she speaks of being "perfectly dosed" with her cold and her journey together—but it never stopped her posting around. She gets the spleen, and off she goes to Epsom to drink the waters. She visits her brother in town and from that intends to go into Suffolk for a month and from that into Kent; a woman, one feels, very like ourselves, and one wonders afresh where the Victorians got their extraordinary ideal of the swathed and squelchy, easily-quenched female.

It was on one of these journeys that she met William Temple for whom the letters were written. She was on her way to St. Malo to visit her father, who, a royalist, had for long stubbornly held the island of Guernsey for the King. On the Isle of Wight she and her brother Henry fell in with the other young traveller. Henry and William would not have got on, but with Dorothy

William fell in love. It is pleasant to imagine the scene. The romantic island, with Charles I held prisoner by Colonel Robert Hammond, Temple's cousin; the three young people, ardent royalists, William daring in this, for his father was a staunch Parliamentarian; Henry, irritable by nature, scratching on the window of the inn what he thought would be Hammond's fate—"and Hammon was hanged on the gallows he had prepared for Mordecai"; the arrest of the three malignants; Dorothy stepping forward and taking the blame; Colonel Hammond gallantly refusing to make war on women; and from that their travelling to France together, perhaps.

From that, anyway, the love that grew and lasted between Dorothy and William; and for him the letters that we find delightful. It was for him that the revelation of personality was made. She tells him every detail of her life. She has an ague, but he is not to worry, because "here is my eldest brother, and my cousin Molle, and two or three more of them that have great understanding in agues, as people that have been long acquainted with them, and they do so tutor and govern me, that I am neither to eat, drink, nor sleep without their leave: and, sure, my obedience deserves they should cure me, or else they are great tyrants to very little purpose." She wants some good orange-flower water, so "when you go into the Exchange, pray call at the great shop above, 'The Flower Pott.' I spoke to Heams, the man of the shop, when I was in town, for a quart of orange-flower water; he had none that was good then, but promised to get me some. Pray put him in mind of it." She has been bored by a visitor who is at last despatched. "My brother is gone to wait upon the widow homewards—she that was born to persecute you and I, I think. She has so tired me with being here but two days, that I do not think I shall accept of the offer she made me of living with her in case my father dies before I have disposed of my self." Her cousin Molle and his imaginary dropsies, her suitors and their foibles, her colds and her aches, her passion for cherries, her views on translation and on friendship, down everything goes for William to read. It is a way of being in love that seems perfectly natural when one has been reading Shakespeare, but astonishing in the extreme when one has risen from Proust. She believed that it was possible

to be at once friend and lover, as the Elizabethans did, and as we now-a-days on the whole do not.

She talks of a "perfect even kindness," of a "constant kindness," which seems very far from the alternate ardours and dejections of passion, but perhaps she did not quite realise her own state; for the dejections, if not altogether the ardours, are there. Gaiety, rather than ardour, seems the proper word to describe the most constant quality of the letters; a gaiety which uses everything it encounters as fuel. A strange forgetfulness of human conditions and destinies Renan called gaiety, but one might, perhaps, see it rather as a transmutation of what is ordinarily found irksome and irritating into something amusing. Dorothy laughs at her ailments, her agues, the "scurvy spleen" that she tried to cure by taking infusions of steele and playing battledore and shuttlecock; she laughs at her neighbours—"such a wife may be said to do as a kinswoman of ours that had a husband who was not always himself; and when he was otherwise, his humour was to rise in the night, and with two bedstaves tabour the table an hour together. She took care every night to lay a great cushion upon the table for him to strike on, that nobody might hear him, and so discover his madness";—at the preacher, Mr. Marshall, who was famed, "but never anybody was so defeated. I expected rare things of him, and seriously I listened at first with as much reverence and attention as if he had been St. Paul; and what do you think he told us? Why, that if there were no kings, no queens, no lords, no ladies, nor gentlemen nor gentlewomen in the world, 'twould be no loss at all to God Almighty";—at her eccentric contemporary, the Duchess of Newcastle and more than anything else the succession of suitors who came to Chicksands, seeking her hand and bearing strange gifts, even to Irish wolfhounds. There was one "elderly" man of forty-two, Sir Justinian Isham, who is made great game of, and called in turn, Sir Emperor, Sir Solomon Emperor, Sir Justinian Emperor. There was a sheriff, an old knight, a cousin and Harry Cromwell. "But," says Dorothy, "there was never anyone had such luck with servants. What with marrying and what with dying they all leave me."

But she is sad as well as gay. She tells Temple that before her going into France she was famous for her sprightliness, but now she has a melancholy humour; and the melancholy diffuses

itself in a tender elegiac charm through her writing. It would have been difficult to be otherwise than melancholy, when she lacks the company of someone to whom she writes "in earnest my very dreams are yours, and I have got such a habit of thinking of you that any other thought intrudes and grows uneasy to me." In truth, she was, as she says, past all disguise with him, and suggests that they should design one day to remember old stories in, to ask each other by what degree their friendship grew to its present height.

She delighted in Temple's beauty, and the fine curling brown hair which his portrait shows him to have possessed had to lose a lock for her cherishing. Her feeling for him was not clutching nor greedy, but generous and noble and would have left him free. They quarrelled because Dorothy grew despondent with fortune, and thought that he would be better without her, since so many obstacles hindered their marriage. She tells him that her object was to persuade him to quit a passion that injured him, seeing how uncertain its outcome was, and that she hoped he would seek out a happiness in some other person. Temple would not have been in love, had he not made an "ill interpretation" of this. "Good God," she says, "no woman breathing can deserve half the trouble you give yourself." It is a feeling which women must surely often experience. They can understand why a woman should have a preference for one man, but how a man can fasten such a strange agonised choice on one woman seems incomprehensible to them, when there are so many pretty and charming women about. Temple did not see the point; he was deeply hurt and insinuated that she aimed higher; crowns and princes might be hers. To this Dorothy replied that she was the most unfortunate woman breathing but she was never false.

Unfortunate she was in so far as there were so many obstacles in the path of what she called their innocent passion. William was a young man with his way to make in the world; his father was a Parliamentary, hers a Royalist, now, moreover, ill and dying. Her brother, Henry, disliked Temple, and tried, stupidly, disparaging him to Dorothy. Henry, one imagines, was something of a Leaning Tower of Pisa. He was devoted to Dorothy and depended on her temperamentally. He was gloomy and edgy and ate up her gaiety and frankness. He was also, using the word in a sense not ordinarily given to it, a behaviourist, and read Dorothy lectures on deportment. She has too much

"franchise in her humour," he pronounces, and reminds her that it is a point of good breeding "to disguise handsomely"; and all this, we are told, in the most complimentary manner possible, with ceremonious legs and curtsies passing between them.

But these difficulties were removed with time. William got a post in the diplomatic service, Sir Peter Osborne died, Henry's opposition was overcome, and a settlement was made on Dorothy. Out the lumbering coach came again and she set off for London, for William and marriage. But all was not fair and smooth yet. In London Dorothy fell ill of smallpox, so ill that the physicians despaired of her life. She recovered, but lost the beauty that had brought so many suitors to Chicksands to be laughed at.

The qualities of her nature are the qualities of her writing; her style is charming in its naturalness and good breeding, its quick turns of humour, its sweet Fletcher-like melancholy. The stateliness that she tell us people apprehended in her bearing is not in her writing, though always she is perfectly controlled and self-possessed. Her portrait by Lyly shows her stately indeed, the face long, aristocratic, slightly impassive, not quite human in its lines, reminding one rather of a fine-angled-faced animal, a deer, perhaps, or a borzoi, but the eyes are large, soft, brooding, and the mouth lifts upwards in amusement. She had her limitations; she was not a learned woman like Lucy Hutchinson, not a celebrity whom people crowded to see, like the Duchess of Newcastle. She was not interested in public affairs. She lived in an age of violent public disturbance, when the most fundamental matters of state and religion were under review, and it left her unmoved. Indeed, what one feels reading her letters is how extraordinarily secure and assured society may remain while governments totter, fall and change; how armies may march and counter-march, and men and women go on living in some untroubled world, if only their personal affairs remain uninjured.

Dorothy Osborne's life was far from being cast among the obscure; she lived a member of the aristocracy, a member of one great family in constant touch with the other great families of the land. And she married the man who became the famous Sir William Temple, diplomat and man of letters, patron of another young writer in his turn, Jonathan Swift. Her sister-in-law was Lady Giffard who lived in her house, and whose maid

was Esther Johnson, Swift's Stella. She wrote an English that has not Dryden's vigour, trenchancy or range, but is as much as his in the native tradition of simplicity and ease, and precedes his by many years. Beside her Addison grows chilling, and Marvell, from whom Swift learnt so much, tedious. She is not enough remembered.

TYUTCHEV—A GREAT RUSSIAN POET

By B. Elkin.

TYUTCHEV is unquestionably one of Russia's greatest poets. That he was a very great poet indeed was not generally acknowledged either during his lifetime or for a long time after his death. His importance and the high significance of his poetry were understood but comparatively recently.

Tyutchev was a contemporary of Pushkin, this undisputed king of Russian literature. He was born in 1803—4 years after Pushkin. But Pushkin was killed in a duel at the age of only 37. Tyutchev outlived Pushkin by many years; he died in 1873.

Pushkin and Tyutchev had not much in common. Both came from the same *milieu*—from the old nobility, from educated families; and both received an excellent education. But they followed different paths in their lives. Their characters, their impressions, the influences to which they were subject—in all this they differed. To begin with, their lives differed. Pushkin never left Russia. But he travelled extensively all over the country and—as reflected substantially in his work—he knew the South well. With affection he studied Russia's history, scrutinized the life of the Russian people, imbibed all that gave life to Russia; hence his essentially concrete Russian quality. Tyutchev's life was made up of other impressions. No sooner had he graduated at the age of 19 at Moscow University than he entered the diplomatic service, was sent abroad and spent 22 years outside Russia. He lived in Munich and Turin, travelled much all over Western and Southern Europe, with particular preference for the

Alps and Italy. To Russia he returned when he was mature, 41 years old : a man with views and tastes which were definitely formed. He settled in St. Petersburg where he lived for the rest of his life. He was twice married—neither of his wives was Russian, both were Bavarian aristocrats, the second—of French descent ; they did not know and never learnt Russian. Tyutchev's poems are written in beautiful Russian, with some flair for obsolete words. He also wrote in French. What is, however, more important—only French was spoken in Tyutchev's family, he himself corresponded in French, and French was, as a rule, spoken both outside Russia and in St. Petersburg in the society which Tyutchev frequented, in the fashionable salons, invariably sparkling with wit, in which he loved to spend his evenings.

Unlike, as were their outward conditions of life and their outward impressions, were also their intellectual impressions and influences. Both Pushkin and Tyutchev were very well educated ; they had both read, in several languages, all or almost all of what there was to be read in their time. But of all the foreign writers of his time Pushkin personally met only Mickiewicz. As to literary influences, after having been for a short time influenced by Byron's poetry he freed himself ; his genius spread its wings and he created freely and independently. It was different with Tyutchev. As a youth he was in Munich, at that time the centre of German spiritual life, in particular the centre of German romanticism which was then beginning. He was carried away by this potent movement. We must not forget that Goethe was then still alive, that Lamartine was fascinating France and Victor Hugo's star rising. Tyutchev made friends with Schelling and met many other representatives of German romanticism. He became intimate with the then still young Heine—and all his life he remained faithful to romanticism, both philosophic and literary.

The consequences seem rather paradoxical. Pushkin with all his "Russianship," with the almost exclusively Russian content of his work, was (save for two or three chance exceptions) a complete stranger to nationalism. He was a Russian poet, but not only Russian : for his poetry is universal, as universal as the works of Shakespeare, as universal as Leonardo da Vinci and Michael Angelo. Pushkin was not attracted by nationalism, his genius rose above it. And Tyutchev ? His poetry, the whole of his spiritual world are universal too ; they are rather abstract. However, intellectual influences under which he matured in Ger-

many led him to the Slavophiles, and in the second half of his life Tyutchev—this man who almost always spoke and, it would seem, also thought in French—became an ardent Slavophile. A great deal of his poems written during the period of his life in St. Petersburg are inspired by Slavophile feelings—and, as a rule, these poems are artistically unconvincing. This is hardly unexpected; for the Slavophile was an artificial, mostly literary movement based on abstractions of Hegel and Schelling, fed on German romanticism.

It is difficult, almost impossible to give in a brief outline a more or less full impression of Tyutchev's poetry, of his poetic world. Translations of foreign poetry are, with few exceptions, far away from their originals. If good, they mostly convey merely the contents. Only poets can translate poets. Poetry is music created by means of one instrument—the word. And this very instrument is full of mystery. Difficult as it is to convey this music to a strange ear, we shall try to acquaint the reader with the poetic world of one of the greatest Russian poets.

Tyutchev has written relatively little; a part of his poems was by accident destroyed and the poet did not re-write them. We have about 350 of his poems. Approximately half of them represent his lyrics and these poems made Tyutchev what he is for Russian literature. The rest were written concerning certain persons and events, mostly political, and will not be discussed here.

The particular characteristic of Tyutchev is his steady, invariable combination of feeling and thought. This is not a mere simultaneous presence and expression of feeling and thought. In Tyutchev's lyric poetry feeling and thought are always interlaced inwardly and immanently so that they can not be separated by logical reasoning. They are indivisible and correlated. Hence his absorbed concentration on his own inward world, on a search for harmony of outward sensations and inward experiences. Hence—the reader will see it—the peculiarity of his metaphorical description.

In Tyutchev's lyric poetry nature is inseparable from man, from the individual *ego*. Nature, as Tyutchev sees it, has a soul and he describes it by artistic images taken from man's inner world,—as much as he describes the individual *ego* by means of images by which he perceives nature. He sees the inner world of man through aspects of nature, and he tries to understand nature

by peering into the human soul. Observing a sunrise, the poet writes :

Look ! there is a strip to be seen
And, *as if it glows with hidden passion*,
It blazes more and more vividly and brightly.

Of a wave the poet writes that it "*laughs* at the sun reflecting the firmament"—and adds : "*Sweet is to me thy soft whisper full of caress and love, I hear thy violent complaint, thy weird groans.*" In the mountains, in the morning the poet sees the blue sky which "*laughs* washed by the night's thunderstorm." Summer reminds him of "*a smile* of a young woman's lips and eyes." In springtime the world "*fell asleep in fragrance and smiles dreaming.*" In another poem the poet writes of the spring : "*Nature has not yet awakened, but through a waking dream she sensed the spring and involuntarily smiled at her.*"

Tyutchev had no love for the Russian landscape, for Russian colours (we know he knew them but very little) and looking at the Russian landscape he remembers his beloved Italy, his beloved lake of Geneva. However, no poet can resist the peculiar fascination of the Russian spring. And Tyutchev often sang of the spring. Some idea of his poetic manner is given by the following translation¹ :

Not long will Winter ravin,
Her day is nearly past,
Spring at the window knocking
Will drive her flying fast.
Now all the world grows busy,
Winter is chased along,
And high in air the laverock
Uplifts his cheerful song.
Though Winter fume for ever,
And Spring the invader scold,
Spring only grows more noisy,
Her laughter still more bold.
Winter, the witch, grows furious,
And, as she runs away,
Picks up and flings a snowball
At the fair child of May.

¹ P. E. Matheson, *Holy Russia and other poems* translated from the Russian (Oxford University Press, 1918), p. 14. Another translation of the same poem in the book C. Fillingham Coxwell, *Russian Poems* (C. W. Daniel Company, London), p. 107.

But Spring is little troubled,
She bathes her face in snow,
And ever shines more lovely
As angrier grows her foe.

Describing in one poem an autumn evening, the poet concludes his description :

Wane, exhaustion and on all
That meek smile of fading
Which in a reasonable being
We call sublime shyness of suffering.

Because of their truthfulness and intuition Tyutchev's descriptions of nature attain very high artistic quality.

Nature to Tyutchev is alive :

Nature is not what you imagine,
Neither a cast nor a soulless image.
It has a soul, it has freedom,
There is in it love and it speaks.

Those who do not know that—

They neither see nor hear,
They live in this world as if in the dark.
Stars do not breathe for them,
The waves of the sea don't live for them,
Sun-beams did not penetrate their soul,
Spring did not blossom in their bosom,
Woods did not speak in their presence,
And the starlit night was mute !

It isn't their fault : can a deaf-mute
Conceive the life of an organ ?

Not only is nature animate, but it is also harmonious. " There is in everything an imperturbable order, a full harmony in nature. Only in our illusory freedom do we feel a discord."

Tyutchev possessed an intense and very keen feeling for nature. He was, of course, not the first poet to have such a feeling. In Russian literature, too, he had forerunners in this respect (in particular Zhukovsky). This then new feeling for nature which was revealed at the end of the 18th century and by the Romantics of the first half of the 19th century did not confine itself to mere description of nature but tried to penetrate by searching insight

and by intuition into nature's very being. This new sense of nature most powerfully expressed by Goethe, then by the German Romantics, by Lamartine, by Byron—this new feeling perceived nature as living and animate, as connected with man's soul. Not one of the Russian poets, either before or after Tyutchev, peered or penetrated into nature with such keenness of intuition.

Tyutchev loved the day, the light, the spring. However, even more is night the theme of his lyric poetry. It is to him more than a theme. Night attracts him by enabling him to approach closer to nature.

The bright light of day is not the primary element in everything. Beneath the day world something different lies hidden. The day is but a "gold-embroidered carpet thrown over the abyss."

But Day wanes ; Night, shrouded in dusk,
Stalks forward, and with gesture gruff
Crumbles and rends the precious stuff,
And casts it down like any husk.
Then the abyss is bared to sight,—
Its terrors grim, its shadows vast ;
We shrink back, desperate, aghast.
Hence men, beholding, fear the Night.¹

The abridged and rather free translation of the following expressive poem conveys too, to a certain degree, an impression of Tyutchev's world outlook² :

Now sacred night still far away
Withdraws a golden veil, the day :
No longer a bright cover keeps
Above immensities and deeps.

The outer world to man is known
No more. Forsaken and alone,
Naked, he feebly in the gloom
Peers at the void, perceives his doom.

Past splendour and the old life seem
For ever gone, an ancient dream ;
Night strangely tells him to await
His heritage, an unknown fate.

¹ *Russian Poetry*. An Anthology. Chosen and translated by Babette Deutsch and Avraham Yarmolinsky. (Martin Lawrence, Ltd., London). P. 63.

² C. Fillingham Coxwell, *op.cit.*, p. III.

In the poet's vision the universe is based on chaos. However, the chaos which is hidden under the visible world forces from time to time its way; thus it reveals itself. This refers to a man's soul as well as to the destiny of mankind in general. Addressing the night wind, the poet tells expressively:

. . . What does thy strange voice mean,
Now muffled and plaintive, now clamorous?
In a language intelligible to the heart
Thou speakest again and again
Of an unintelligible torture,
Thou whimperest and invokest in the heart
Now and then violent sounds!
Oh, do not sing these fearful chants
About the ancient, the native chaos!

Oh, do not wake the sleeping storms,
Under them stirs the chaos . . .

And man? What is his place in the world created by the poet's intuition? We already mentioned that nature and man's *ego* are merged in one and the same unity.

Thought follows thought, wave follows wave,
Two manifestations of the same element!
In the close heart, or in the boundless sea,
Here in seclusion, there in freedom
The same eternal coming and going,
The same phantom, troubling and blank!

Like many other romantic poets preceding or following him, Tyutchev liked to imagine man's life as a stream.

Look how on the river's wideness,
On the revived stream's slope
Ice block by ice block float
Into the all-embracing sea.
Either shining iridescently in the sun,
Or in the night's late darkness,
All of them, inescapably thawing,
All float to one and the same aim.
All together—small and big,

Having lost their former shape,
 All, as the element, indifferent
 Will merge with the fatal abyss . . .

Oh, our thought's temptation,
 Thou, the man's self,
 Is thy significance not such,
 Is not such thy destiny?

So man's *ego* is but a "temptation of our thought." And what is our thought? Tyutchev compares it with a fountain which "like a ray rises towards the sky but after having touched the predetermined height is doomed to fall to the ground like flaming dust."

Oh, fountain of mortal thought,
 Oh, inexhaustible fountain,
 Which impenetrable law
 Drives thee, sweeps thee?
 How eagerly thou strivest towards the heavens!
 However, an invisibly fatal hand,
 Deflecting thy tenacious ray,
 Throws thee in splashes down from the height.

In another poem Tyutchev writes: "We quickly get tired in heaven." Man's freedom is "illusory"—and only because of this illusion he suffers from what he thinks to be a discord with the universal harmony. How could it be otherwise with the "thinking reed"?

Tyutchev's love poetry is pathetically tender and soft. In the second part of his life (he was in love many times, the last occasion—when he was nearing 50—with a young girl, for the first time a Russian; this infatuation lasted for 15 years and ended only with the death of his lady-love)—it was realistic and tragic, full of profound compassion.

Love, love—so goes the legend—
 Alliance of kindred souls,
 Their union, their coalescence,
 Their fatal fusion,
 And their fatal combat.
 The more is tender one of both
 In the unequal struggle of two hearts,
 The more inevitably and more certain
 It will succumb in anguish,
 Loving, suffering, in sorrow and affection.

The love poetry of young Tyutchev is typically romantic. Love results sometimes from a "first fatal encounter," sometimes love rises like the spring. Later, as we said above, his love poetry takes a tragic tone. As it is the case with all really great poets, Tyutchev's love poetry is always an expression of his irresistible longing for fullness of existence and its harmony, a longing for fullness of soul, for a moment when all the forces of the soul are entirely absorbed by one single emotion.

In tender words he describes how the beloved girl told him that she loved him: "That day, I remember, was to me the morning of my life's day . . . like the golden sun, the young confession of love escaped her bosom and I perceived a new world." But the most passionate of the many nuances of love was passed by the poet when he was no longer young. Of his "last" love which he compared with an "afterglow" he wrote: ¹

Oh, how the walking down our slope
Makes love more tender, more superstitious!

Oh, linger evening glimmer! last!
Do continue, fascination!

Oh thou, last love—
Thou art bliss and hopelessness.

Sentiment in Tyutchev's love poetry passes through a gamut of nuances—from tender infatuation to wild passion, from melancholy to biting pain. He even experienced a feeling of condemnation of love. In "The Italian Villa," one of his most stirring poems, he describes with moving words and images a deserted villa in Italy, where "heaven is so benevolent to earth." This villa fell asleep covered by "blissful Elysian shade"; it "is enclosed by a magic dream and has abandoned itself to heaven's will." It sleeps and "its sleep is deep."

. . . And we entered. All was so calm,
So was all immemorially peaceful and dark.
The fountain murmured; the cypress looked
Motionless and erect into the adjoining window.
Suddenly all was disturbed: a convulsive tremor

¹ I partly quote the translation by Mme N. Jarintzov in her book *Russian Poems and Poets* (B. H. Blackwell, Oxford), p. 227.

Passed over the cypress' boughs,
The fountain became silent, and a lovely prattle,
As if in a dream, inaudibly whispered.

What is this, my friend? Is it not because
The wicked life crossed the sacred threshold,
That life which—alas!—then ran in us,
That wicked life with its rebellious glow?

The dream of harmony breeds the poet's yearning. Tyutchev said of himself:

Oh, heaven, if but once
This flame would freely develop,
And I, without pining or more suffering,
I would brighten up—and die away!

Is not the human spirit a world in itself? Does it not feel painfully the discords in existence only because they sound in it? However, there occur moments of supreme satisfaction, moments of fullness of soul when all discords die down, when an indisturbable harmony is established: the bliss of a poet is realized.

In one of his poems Tyutchev wrote that there were in his life moments of "self-oblivion." In these moments "only celestial birds talk to me."

All trivial and false
Is gone so far away,
All kindly impossible
Is so near and easy.
And it's dear to me and sweet,
The world is in my bosom,
I am wrapped up in dreams,
Oh, time, await! . . .

There is no intimation in these words that the moments of "self-oblivion" were granted by love. Reverie seems to have prevailed in Tyutchev's poetic soul over all other feelings. Could it be otherwise? Long before Dostoevsky, long before Nietzsche he saw the obscure, the tragic bases of human life. Passions in the human soul are but expression of some obscure forces. Tyutchev loved nature, light, life—but never did he forget their tragic foundation. Is there a way out of the tragedy? Tyutchev did not see it, more than that—he thought it impossible. Least

of all was such a way out to be found in human intercourse. For the most precious of our possessions—the word—is powerless to express our feelings and our thoughts in their fullness :

Be silent, hidden, and conceal
 Whate'er you dream, whate'er you feel.
 Oh, let your visions rise and die
 Within your heart's unfathomed sky,
 Like stars that take night's darkened route.
 Admire and scan them and be mute.

The heart was born dumb ; who can sense
 Its tremors, recondite and tense ?
 And who can hear its silent cry ?
 A thought when spoken is a lie.
 Uncovered springs men will pollute,—
 Drink hidden waters, and be mute.

Your art shall inner living be.
 The world within your fantasy
 A kingdom is that waits its Saul.
 The outer din will still its call,
 Day's glare its secret suns confute,
 Drink in its music, and be mute.¹

Characteristic is the Latin title of this poem : " Silentium." It provides much for the explanation of Tyutchev's poetry—if and inasmuch as an explanation of poetry is at all possible. *A thought when expressed is a lie.* Is there any need to add anything to these tragic words ?

Tyutchev's poetry never enjoyed much popularity in Russia. It's true, school anthologies always contained several of his poems. But even educated Russians knew little of him. Experts, connoisseurs (amongst them the poet Nekrassov, Turgenev, the poet Fet, the philosopher and poet Wladimir Solovyov, Tolstoy) placed Tyutchev's poetry very high, sometimes ranged it side by side with that of Pushkin.² However, he was little read.

¹ Translation by Babette Deusch and Avrahm Yarmolinsky, op.cit., p. 59. It is a pity that this poem is translated not without digressions from the original. There is in the original no comparison with " the kingdom " which " waits its Saul "—a comparison which is not in Tyutchev's manner.

² Tolstoy expressed the opinion that Tyutchev was the best Russian poet.

Tyutchev never sought popularity. We know that only owing to the initiative of one of his friends, Prince Gagarin, Tyutchev's poems were shown to Pushkin in 1836 who printed 16 of them in his magazine "Sovremennik" ("The Contemporary") where they continued to appear also after Pushkin's death (always signed by the poet's initials). In 1854 the "Sovremennik"—its editor was at that time the poet Nekrassov—published a volume of Tyutchev's poems, not so much at the poet's own wish as on the initiative of Turgenyev. However, only towards the end of the last century did there develop a serious interest in Tyutchev's poetry. Wladimir Solovyov published an essay on Tyutchev which made a great impression. Then the representatives of the modern Russian poetry at the beginning of this century—the "Symbolists"—discovered in Tyutchev their predecessor; this was not altogether correct, but there is some truth in the view that the modernists at the beginning of this century were nearer to Tyutchev than to any other of the Russian poets of the 19th century.

Since that time the interest roused in Tyutchev did not decrease. In the course of the last 30 years editions of his poems were published in 1913, in 1921, the third—the most complete—in two volumes in 1933. A number of interesting studies on Tyutchev appeared in the course of the last few years. It is now undisputed that Tyutchev's place in Russian poetry is among the very first.

Art Notes

By Frederick Carter.

THE FRENCH ART SCHOOL

ALTHOUGH I'd not then read "Trilby" or any other fictional guide to the bright bohemia of art, to my naive young eyes the Académie Julien represented everything romantic, glorious and exotic. Occasional and temporary experiences of life-class, design or antique room had given no more than the vaguest guidance to my fancy. The little I knew was hearsay. I must have been confoundedly excited as I walked up the little court off the rue Fromentin, bearing a letter from a friendly Italian book-illustrator who'd lived his life and made a reputation in Paris, which stated that I was a suitable subject for instruction.

Under the large sign *ACADÉMIE JULIEN* I pushed through two squeaking swing-doors, one a few feet from the other, and made the passage from a life I knew of family and business (which, to me, meant a wearying kind of work) into an existence entirely novel. I'd learned already how to find my way about Paris. All through a ghastly bitter winter, which I'd spent teaching for the Berlitz School, I'd had to find my way about early and late. As a youngster speaking little or no French I was given many private lessons, probably because I seemed less likely to poach these preserves and set up for myself than one who could chat freely and would know, or learn, the ropes. It had been done, I found out later, too often for the peace of mind of the directorate. Disappointingly I'd acquired little fluency in the French language during those dark and frozen months.

But now it was Spring the sun shone out of the blue, the clouds danced and postured in the sky. No longer did I reside in a *chambre d'hôtel* near the Opéra. Now was I an inhabitant of Montmartre. Life had been very real and cruelly earnest all winter. Now it had come out under the sun with unknown, yet desirable, worlds looming. And the way was just through two squeaky doors under a big blank looking sign beyond the little *blanchisserie* standing beside the entrance of the court like a gatehouse, out of which shot an occasional glance from one of the girls, raising her head from work for a short moment.

Inside the school was an atmosphere of rich warmth, with a vast cold light falling from wide top windows, high in the roof overhead. The place really was huge; a great barn in size, a real *atelier de peinture*, a workshop. The upper part of the plaster walls was covered with unframed canvases, unframed oil paintings of the posed model which had gained awards and honours. Below were chalk studies and small *pochade* compositions in oil. But from a height of about one's waist line to chest a strip round the whole wall was covered with a mass of palette scrapings, a belt of ochreous pigment, spotted and splotted by every colour that the merchants sell.

That was the fashion of getting rid of the remains expeditiously. Academic painting then accepted the use of a mass of mingled pigments whose tones and various values were bound together by a sauce compounded by mixing a sort of surplus of everything. At that time my interest in colour was vague. I was there to find out something about drawing, incidentally, as had been impressed upon me, to the more important matter of learning the French language and other details for a forthcoming examination. My impressions were too confused for me to know that I was snuffing into avid nostrils the odour which would bring ever renewed enchantment, the odour of mixed oil and turpentine and acrid tobacco-smoke of the painting studio.

Since those days Julien's Académie has lost some of its once high prestige. The old original establishment set up in the rue du Dragon survived when last I wandered through the painters' world in Paris. Montmartre had become *passé*, simply a residence for well-worn antique artists left over from the great once-upon-a-time of which Degas represented the fixed fine flower and, for the rest, lived the mob who exploit the vagrant foreigners' nights and pockets.

In fact, the younger group of artists and students, and the schools, are now all on the *rive gauche* again, alongside the old *quartier latin*. They'd increasingly taken toll of the Latin Quarter's glories, moreover; the Carrefour Vavin,

the sacred crossroads where the Rotonde, the Dome, and the Capitol spread their tables and chairs across the footways had thinned the companies of strollers and *consommateurs* there, where, just across the Luxembourg gardens, ran the Boul' Mich'. The new world of Montparnasse had upheaved itself, almost as if it had deliberately set its gimcrack bars and cafes beside the old painting schools sunk in grimy back courtyards and little changed in half a century or more. Survivals such as Colarossi's and the Grande Chaumière. Montmartre was forsaken and this other hill across the breadth of Paris had become the new home of the arts of design. A great war had intervened and an age had ended. And the schools had changed, little by little.

Originally, like Colarossi's and Julien's, they'd been founded by models, who obtained the support of two or three eminent artists to act as unpaid professors. Each week one of them would walk around and criticize, or discuss, the work of each student. He was regarded with the profoundest respect (prodigious in view of their ribald attitude to all other authority) and for one morning the school was silent and abjectly industrious. But the exploitation of the study of art has changed gradually, more and more since the time when the studio went by the name of the artist who founded it, to the *studio atelier académie* set up by an ageing model under patronage, on to the present exploitation of the old names and places.

What it was like we can see far back in the past, yet not too far away for memory to reach back in those good times before the wars, when the days ran easier and there was elbow room in the world and only countries of barbarous reaction required passports and visas. Civilized countries were open to all to enter for work or pleasure, fun or mischief, learning or fooling. And for all who had an interest in the arts Paris was the capital of all nations. Every student got there by hook or by crook. But like every other country at that time France had its native and peculiar characteristics, and patriotically enjoyed and maintained them. Fashions differed between countries and even between cities. The mechanical age had not yet laid its uniform imprint upon all humanity, upon all mankind and all their works.

So then let's consider the times when tracehorses waited beside the drinking troughs at the foot of the steep streets to be linked on before the vast rumbling omnibuses to help the tremendous contraptions to surge up the stone cobbled streets with rattle of chains, stamp of hooves, whip crackings, and urgent shouts. All day and every day they thus stormed the lower slopes of the Hill of the Martyrs. But the steep bluff above the Moulin Rouge was inaccessible to them. Even the light rubbertyred *fiacre* jibbed at climbing that way up to the great unfinished new church of Sacré Cœur. You had to go round across the cemetery and along the rue Caulaincourt to turn the flank of the scrambling shelving rue Lepic.

A lively noctambulant world thrived around the Clichy Boulevard. And it was like nothing anywhere else. Paris was the great meeting ground for the southern and northern peoples; exploitation of the new discovered, mapped and charted world abroad was being busily plotted by the brisk bourgeois financiers. But the grip of the mercenary brain so active beneath the treacherous, lecherous bowler hat had not yet attained predominant power.

However, artists like Steinlen topped characters of the most sinister kind with the "melon," plainclothes 'tects of the morals' squad and other suchlike hard citizens wore the symbolical hemisphere with a curly brim which got varied names, including "billycock," but none, I judge, having memories of its hard discomfort, near bad enough. The silk "topper" still signified something, conferring an aura of distinction and gentlemanlikeness upon its bearer. Other headgear was sporting or travelling wear, or simply, the garb of the lowlifer. The soft hat, called the "Trilby," was just becoming the fashion, as was the "lounge" suit.

The character of those days when I first saw Paris was yet inclined to enjoy diversity rather than uniformity in fashion. People varied their garments in accordance with their temperaments, or occupation in life. Clothes signified something personal and quite definite. Plasters of red on lips and black and blue around eyes then meant all they suggest and asked for the approach they got. The garments of the artists still had some bravura touches. The fashionable rig had become uniform enough, but the cut of the jib varied from country to country. Fashion and fancy yet frolicked together.

I suppose that the name of the "trilby" itself came from the best-seller of a decade or so earlier: an anglicised version of the far romantic "vie de Boheme." Any such sentimental version was not any longer possible in French whilst Verlaine and his dreadful doxies were beating around the cafés offering a lively vision of the "horrible example." Probably only a successful "Punch Artist" could have done it. Du Maurier had attained respectable eminence as the chronicler of the humours of society, but he capped his accomplishments by producing a novel of sentiment, a first class heartacher, that swept the world of readers, American and English.

For the American *Harper's Magazine* first printed it as a serial, enhanced by a swarm of illustrations of the author's own, probably amongst the best drawings he ever produced. No doubt his heart was in the job, and a very soft heart it seemed to be, particularly for the woes of "Little Billee," the youngest of the trio of English art students and the wearer of the soft hat, with a brim not too wide, which was, as I guess, named after the beautiful model who was the lady in the case. Her name, in the slang of the vulgar of course, became attached to those members of which she possessed an exemplary and exquisite pair, the feet. Little Billee, alas, was a snob besides being, in Du Maurier's opinion anyhow, a genius of the first rank. But he and his companions wore top hats when they viewed the pictures at the Louvre.

And Whistler comes into the story as a lesser light and in an illustration or so and, besides, into an apology inserted by the Harper firm on an inserted slip, expressing the regrets for having taken the painters' personality lightly and sufficiently like to be recognized.

And the school of art as the French know it is in the same case under the author's deluding words. It is like enough, but unhappily the plot of the story turned upon a moral issue. The presentation of the path of virtue badly deflected the simple version of Du Maurier, for he had the eye of a *bon bourgeois*.

Insistence on such things in the life school itself is unimaginable. Everybody is too much occupied with the problems of paint and flesh: the world and the devil may be active enough but they take a second place to form and colour.

The school as I saw it had been organized to its ends very well. Models were engaged—they came on a certain fixed day to be looked over—by the Massier who was elected leader with the concurrence of the other students. The model posed on a throne about four foot high, the front rank of students squatting on very low rush bottomed stools. The pose as they viewed it was tremendously foreshortened. A test of high accomplishment in drawing. Work went on hour by hour all day. There were short poses by a different model in the evening, from half an hour down to five minutes.

Certain small conventions held sway. The drawing was made from top to bottom of the sheet of paper. This because it trained the student to work with decision and assurance, fixing proportions beforehand, leaving small occasion for change or correction. Drawing boards there were none, the paper was clipped on the carton *i.e.*, the portfolio, and so propped on the easel. Ingres paper and charcoal was the material recommended. They required more deft-handedness than I—strange to these materials—could summon up. In quick pencil sketches, later, I managed to redeem my credit.

For the course in quick sketching we went occasionally to the Atelier Cormon-Humbert, across the Boulevard and at the other side of the Moulin Rouge. This had a mixed school in the evening, not exclusively for men as was Julien's. And it was smaller, with a north light in the end wall. The posing was done rather better there, and one day a week two models posed together. Not many years before that date had Toulouse-Lautrec, Van Gogh and all those others worked there : Degas and the rest of the group of notables of the century lately passed lived, had studios, or frequented the cafés in the vicinity. History lingered in the air.

That was the sort of art school which was open to students of every kind, degree of competence (except the really hopeless), and nationality. These of course were much the same as they have been always. But not quite the same as they appeared to the pampered view of an eminent portrayer of the mild—may one say flabby—humours of late Victorian society. There was plenty of larking among them but it was not undesigned ragging. When they set out on a joke it was arranged with considerable ingenuity to create consternation among the bourgeois and bring its authorities to confusion. Perhaps the best way to describe the art schools which have made French painting is to tell about the youth who frequented them.

(To be concluded).

BOOK REVIEWS

W. B. YEATS. 1865-1939. By Joseph Hone. Macmillan. 25s.

Well-known critics, here and elsewhere, seem to have been disappointed by Mr. Hone's lengthy biography of W. B. Yeats. Evidently they expected critical and moral judgments. In fine, they demanded the verdict which they themselves have failed to give us. In point of fact, Mr. Hone's book is a

remarkable affair. The worst enemy of Yeats would not have had the courage to write such a book—and yet Mr. Hone's achievement is unintentional. Mr. Hone is the shy and slightly absent-minded visitor who sits down accidentally on the portfolio, cracks all the gramophone records and spoils the party. With more honesty than discretion, he has quoted freely from the most intimate letters of Yeats and his friends, letters which require explanation in a book obviously written for the general reader and subscriber to English and American circulating libraries.

One cannot blame Mr. Hone if he has refrained from attempting to estimate Yeats's ultimate reputation as a poet. The tragedy of fashionable success lies too heavily over his career. Yeats's fame in the last years was based on the ruins of his previous reputation. The work over which he had spent half his life-time was dismissed with complete contempt by the younger English generation who acclaimed his later work. Indeed, in reviewing Mr. Hone's book, one of the best known of these younger English critics has stated that nothing which Yeats wrote before the age of fifty, with the sole exception of *Innisfree*, is of any value. The Autobiographies are tragic and sensitive documents. Yeats painfully tried to misrepresent and conceal his poetic past. Fiona MacLeod, Tagore, and other old friends of his, whose reputations had been obscured by change of fashion, were passed by without a word. It is unfortunate, therefore, that the first half of Mr. Hone's book is almost a paraphrase of these Autobiographies.

In 1916, Mr. Hone wrote a biographical study of Yeats for the *Irishmen of To-day* Series published by Maunsell. It was clear, nicely discriminating and slightly sceptical. It is evident that in the present book of almost five hundred pages, Mr. Hone has been overwhelmed by the mass of available material, and dazzled by the lavishness of Edwardian society. We cannot blame him. For we, too, as we read these pages, must feel at times dazzled and bewildered. National processions, patriotic speeches, Vice-regal parties, dinners with Cabinet Ministers and Generals in London, protests against Royal visits in Dublin, all follow one another in what, superficially, appears to be inextricable confusion—and culminate in an offer of knighthood, for recruiting purposes, on the outbreak of the first Great War. English Society figures contribute their reminiscences to this book. Here a famous General gives his humorous recollections of Reigate :

—when it was the abode of Somers Somerset and that beautiful daughter of the Duke of St. Albans, now Lady Kitty Lambton. Young Lady Dufferin was one of our party and two other Rossetti damosels who looked as if they had just vaulted over that golden bar. Through the sylvan glades, blue as heaven with blue-bells, strolled Yeats followed by this bevy of beauties. In his eyes I felt I was at that time and place the one blot on the blue-bells, so when he perched himself on the root of a fallen tree and began to read out *Deirdre* or *Shadowy Waters*, I lay down at full length and was instantly swallowed up by the bracken. But I listened in and heard Yeats at his best. Some men might feel shy under that style of ordeal ; as for me, wild horses would not drag me to it though I can speak to thousands without being too frightened. Not so Yeats. His *milieu* was the centre of a small band of admirers. Lady Kitty still

says of Yeats that he was "the best conversationalist she ever met at a small (*sic*) party." Oh, that I had jotted down the many pearls that fell so fast from his lips.

Fortunately, most of these reminiscences of country houses and social affairs disappear with the last days of Edwardian opulence. But here and there, in later parts of the book, social gossip re-occurs. Yeats was heard to say that the Swedish Royal Family "liked him better than any previous Nobel Prize winner. They said he had the manners of a courtier." In America, during numerous lecture tours, to large audiences the poet appeared in more democratic guise. He would, for example, recite some of his famous love poems under the amusing captions, *How to Win a Lady*, *How to Lose a Lady*. The pages are so crowded with external activities, social events and fashionable tittle-tattle that one is left to wonder in what moments of snatched privacy this brilliant figure of pre-war English Society contrived to write his hermit poems. Mr. Hone, with an endearing absent-mindedness, seems to have mislaid complete decades of the poet's mental life. For instance, the very important period of transition between 1907 and 1917 almost seems to have been left by him in some railway carriage.

Impecunious portrait painters are still forced to live in the humiliating centuries of patronage and to preserve the hopefulness of Micawber. But the general reader supposes, rightly or wrongly, that writers are now emancipated and so will not realise the circumstances of Yeats's early upbringing. Here is a revealing extract from a letter written in 1904 by J. B. Yeats to his son :—

All the great people, Sir Antony MacDonnell, Wyndhams, at once showed themselves ready to sit—because, as I *knew* at the time, I was your father. As time went on I discovered that they had a very definite object in contemplation—nothing less than to capture you and the Irish National Theatre and to induce the latter to play before the King, when he arrives here next April—when it gradually leaked out that was impossible, all interest subsided. . . . It is doubtful whether Wyndham will ever sit. . . . Lady Grosvenor (Wyndham's wife) might sit, and she would make a delightful subject.

Tout comprendre, c'est tout pardonner!

Overwhelmed by material, dazzled and confused, Mr. Hone makes a desperate effort, half-way through the book, to recover his own quiet sense of humour. He suggests too ingeniously that Yeats's lifelong pre-occupation with magic, divination, spiritism and other dabbling in the marvellous may have been a game of make-belief. This is wrong and injurious to the poet's reputation, since it suggests to the general reader that wizardry was a useful social acquisition in the late 'eighties and 'nineties, when these things were the rage. Mr. Hone has surely read *Paracelsus* if not *Mr. Sludge the Medium*, which analyse the human faculty of self-deception. The astute and worldly Cardinal Manning is an example of such credulity. He believed that in the Victorian age the devil was accustomed to assume a corporal form, the results being frequent births of terrible hybrid creatures half diabolic in character.

At the point where the Autobiographies end, Mr. Hone 'takes over.' The change is remarkable and by no means disagreeable. We exchange the cothurn of Yeats for the comfortable shuffling slippers of Dublin home life.

Yeats's later years in Merrion Square and Rathfarnham are described in a genial gossiping way, maddening at times in its triviality. Visitors come and go, while Mr. Hone industriously records their unimportant impressions. We have every kind of gossip, English, European, American. One subject is absent—Irish poetry. The leader of the Irish Literary Revival 'does not seem to have been interested.

M. D.

A HANDBOOK OF IRISH FOLKLORE. By Seán Ó Súilleabháin. Educational Company of Ireland. No price stated.

The collection of Irish folklore was, until recently, left mainly to solitary enthusiasts, note-book poets, and Abbey dramatists. Scientific scholars succeeded mainly in creating what might be called spontaneous lore. There is the classic case of the German-American scholar, who returned from the West of Ireland with reams of fairy lore, invented for him on the spot by 'obliging' natives. All has been changed now.

Mr. Ó Súilleabháin tells us that he was sent in the Spring of 1935 to Sweden in order to be trained as an archivist, and his present book is published under the auspices of the Irish Folklore Commission. He spent three months in Sweden and seems to have acquired a great deal of knowledge in that short space of time. Swedish drill may be transferable to Irish muscles. But one wonders whether the folklore methods of Uppsala will be effective in this country; where a traditional sense of humour is still fairly strong. Mr. Séamus Ó Duilearga, in an enthusiastic preface, assures us that this book is an encyclopaedia of Irish and indeed of West European tradition as well. But in their zeal for Teutonic catalogue and inventory list, both Mr. Ó Súilleabháin and Mr. Ó Duilearga seem to have forgotten the human factor. The themes for practical enquiry are arranged under various headings—Settlement and Dwelling, Livelihood and Household Support, Communication and Trade, Nature, Time, and so forth. Under each heading are arranged hundreds of questions. Usually these questions are ornamented with the correct note of interrogation—

What accounts are available about the earliest settlers in the district? Who were they? From where did they come? When? By what route? Why did they leave their former district? How did they live? Did they follow any particular trade or occupation? Did they bring goods and livestock with them? Where did they settle? What kind of houses had they? Have the sites of local villages been changed at any time? Why? What accounts have the local people of their own first settlement in the district? Which families have been settled longest there?

Sometimes, for the sake of variety, these question marks are omitted—

The disposal of perspiration, falling hair, nail-clippings, rheum, mucus, spittle, and bodily excreta of all kinds should be described. Parasites of the human body; methods of dealing with them. Personal cleanliness and tidiness in dress and appearance: (*'sé an duine an t-éadach'*); brushing of clothes and footwear; change of clothes. Beauty-preparations: use of powder, colouring-matter, dew, milk, and other materials.

It is obvious that Mr. Ó Súilleabháin has a great deal of information to impart. But can instruction be conveyed in one-word hints hidden in endless lists? And for whom is this book intended? The collector with some experience hardly requires seven hundred pages of a questionnaire. He is capable, as a collector, of using his brains. If the book is intended for the amateur of low mental standard, how can such an amateur possibly detect and analyse information conveyed only indirectly and in the form of questions? Neither Mr. Ó Súilleabháin nor Mr. Ó Duilearga have made much attempt to define what is folklore or to explain the method of using this book. Is the supposed collector to arm himself with this vast compilation and question the unfortunate native with the persistence of a police inspector? Is he to assume that the native has no brains, is incapable of the association of ideas, and cannot of his own accord talk on any given subject? This book suggests that the scientific collection of folklore has some connection with third-degree cross-examination. Judging from many thousands of questions listed in this book, it would appear that the aim of the Irish Folklore Commission is to collect hay-stacks and ricks because needles are usually found in them. Thousands of these questions suggest that the Commission wishes to collect all the daily and trivial gossip of the countryside in its archives for future analysis. Is some passing remark of what Seamus an Buile said in a public-house about the new telegraph poles or the Ford lorry a part of folklore or a subject for special Commissions?

The unfortunate collector is advised, especially in English-speaking districts, to discriminate between traditional lore and acquired lore. For generations Irish country folk have been reading *The Shamrock*, *Ireland's Own*, and the local newspaper, not to mention *Old Moore's Almanac*. Their ancestors read *The Penny Magazine*. How is the unfortunate amateur, armed with this book, to discriminate? At the end of the book there are condensations of European-type stories. But will these be of any use to a reader who has no knowledge either of the range of folklore or of its comparative nature? The Irish Folklore Commission has done excellent work in the past few years. May it continue to do so!

A. C.

BIBLIOGRAPHY OF IRISH PHILOLOGY AND MANUSCRIPT LITERATURE. Part II. 1913-1941. By R. I. Best. Dublin: Institute for Advanced Studies, 1942. 7s. 6d.

The first part of this Bibliography, published in 1913, has proved itself to be one of the most competent and useful of Irish bibliographies, and Dr. Best in this second volume brings it down to 1941. The present volume is planned on the same lines as the first and maintains the same standard, and everybody interested in Irish literature is under a debt of gratitude to the compiler. Between these volumes, and the bibliographies in course of publication by the Stationery Office, writing in Irish bids fair to be completely recorded, a great boon to students and literary workers.

I have a couple of modest addenda. On page 7 a reference is given to the four lists of the Irish names of mammals, birds, reptiles, and invertebrate animals, which appeared in the *Irish Naturalist*. I think off-prints of these lists were

made and issued separately—probably a few for the author. At any rate I have the *Birds and Invertebrate Animals*, in printed wrappers. There is also another pamphlet by Dr. Scharff, *The National Museum Guide to the Collection of Irish Animals*, 50 pp., 1922, which contains the Irish names of the animals.

Mr. Frank O'Connor's two books of translations of Irish Poetry should possibly be mentioned—*The Wild Bird's Nest* and *Lords and Commons*, published in 1932 and 1938 in limited editions by the Cuala Press, and reprinted, with an introductory essay by the translator, by Macmillan as *The Fountain of Magic* in 1939.

Mention should, perhaps, also be made of Threlkeld's *Synopsis Stirpium Hibernicarum*—a short treatise of Native Plants—with their Latin, English, and Irish names, pp. 26 + [176] + 60; Dublin, S. Powell, 1727.

P. S. O'H.

THE GREAT O'NEILL. A Biography of Hugh O'Neill, Earl of Tyrone, 1550-1616. By Sean O'Faolain. With a Frontispiece. Longmans, Green & Co. 15/-.

More than the ordinary popular biographer's courage was needed for the writing of a life of Hugh O'Neill, the Great Earl of Tyrone, by a biographer who does not profess to be an expert historian. Mr. O'Faolain, as he warns us in his preface undertook the work as a reaction to the traditional fame of O'Neill in Ireland, which has long challenged a biography. While he himself considers that he has been almost totally defeated, one may reply that his book has the triumphant air of something inevitable. It is inevitable in the interpretation of O'Neill, inevitable in the writing which is as gorgeous and massive as a Renaissance battle canvas, inevitable in the choice of details that form the background. It is not the courage to face the challenge of a popular myth, however, that makes the origin of the book remarkable, but the courage to face the heartbreaking difficulties that time has raised, the difficulties that are inherent in the subject, mummified as he is in documents that are mainly English, and the difficulties that are the brawling progeny of conflicting historians.

First, to make O'Neill credible at all—his O'Neill—in a human world, Mr. O'Faolain had to build up the background, social, political and religious, of Renaissance England and Mediaeval Ireland. Not every biographer is obliged to make two civilisations intelligible, as the first step of his work. One of the civilisations is well known and understood through a vast literature and through its own swarming myths; the other, the Irish, is dim, barely glimpsed through the decorations of the bards, and seen distorted in the accounts of travellers. Mr. O'Faolain can hardly be blamed for giving us a more detailed account of Renaissance England. Lack of material produces lack of balance. It may be remarked, however, that his lengthy and necessary description of the two civilisations makes the book, as a biography, top-heavy. The art suffers because popular ignorance demands explanation. The second difficulty was the unveiling of the personality of O'Neill, of whom we have no intimate details, no "absolutely authenticated portrait, or an intimate letter to a friend." For all the labour that went into this book, for all the fitful light that Mr. O'Faolain manages to play on the historically illusive figure, as elusive as a guerilla in the

dark woods that will speak only with a burst of musket-fire and a charge of the kerns, one feels that the operative personality of the Anglo-Irish gentleman has not been reached, that it will never be reached. The brilliant portrait, patchy though it be through force of circumstances, is credible, but one finds it difficult occasionally to distinguish factors of the artist's personality from factors of the subject's. The third difficulty was rather similar to the one that confronted the Elizabethan soldiers in Ireland. They were bewildered by the terrain, the contradictions in the people, the petty conflicts of the great families, and the indecisions of the politicians. Any student of O'Neill's time knows the confusion of documents, genealogies, names, and of the accounts by professional historians. Mr. O'Faolain breaks through the confusion as best he can.

The result is a portrait that, one may repeat, is credible, and not a strain on the facts as they are. Mr. O'Faolain rightly attempts to restore O'Neill to the European scene to which he belonged by virtue of his stature as a soldier, by his international affiliations and by contemporary esteem. One wonders, though, why the biographer did not enhance this restoration by using the dull but authentic material in O'Cianain's *Flight of the Earls*, in which a Mediaeval chronicler gazes in awe at the rather triumphal journey of a half-Renaissance, half-Mediaeval defeated prince across Renaissance Europe. Artistically and biographically, it would have been right to use that material, for it contained the contrast for the awful tragic droning days in Rome when O'Neill had nothing but wine to drown his regrets and futility. Two things stand up in the book which maintains a level of writing that is not surpassed in any modern English biography of soldiers or statesmen: one is the account of the Desmond wars, and the other is the account of the pivotal Battle of Kinsale. These are great subjects discussed in rich, full-bodied, vintage prose. F. MACM.

INTRODUCING JAMES JOYCE. A selection of Joyce's prose with an introductory note, by T. S. Eliot. London: Faber and Faber, Ltd. 3s. 6d. net.

The method of introduction which Mr. Eliot uses in this little book is a selection from, rather than an explanation of Joyce's four principal works. The extracts have been carefully chosen with the view of showing the continuity of Joyce's prose, and the way in which one period leads to another.

The first selection—"The Sisters," from *Dubliners*—is written from the point of view of a young child; the opening sentence consists entirely of monosyllables. A conscientious student of the naturalistic school, Joyce would not invent his material, and so in common with other exponents of the realistic novel, he tends towards autobiography. The realistic novel has been distinguished, by German criticism at least, as the *Bildungsroman*. When it confines itself to the professional sphere of the novelist, it becomes a novel of the artist, a *Künstlerroman*. The *Künstlerroman* offered a tentative solution to the dilemma of Joyce's generation, by enabling writers to apply the methods of realism to the subject of art, and though it reverses the more normal procedure of applying the methods of art to the subject of reality, it is the only conception of the novel that is specialised enough to include *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*.

The selection from *A Portrait* is the family party scene with its bitter quarrel over Parnell. Mr. Eliot maintains that it is the most nearly self-contained

selection one can make from the book ; its excellence is universally acknowledged, but it is rather a pity that it was not found possible to include the sermon on hell in chapter three, as this powerful discourse on the sin of Lucifer, pride and intellect, his great refusal and his terrible fall, provides an ethical core for the book, as Ivan's legend of the Grand Inquisitor does for *The Brothers Karamazov*, or Father Mapple's sermon on Jonah for *Moby Dick*.

Having introduced us to the earlier part of Joyce's work, Mr. Eliot now sets himself a similar task with *Ulysses* and *Finnegans Wake*. In *Ulysses* he restricts himself to the earlier and more comprehensible parts of the book. *Ulysses*, in the words of Stephen Dedalus, signalizes a shift from the personal to the epic, it leads the artist away from himself towards an exploration of the mind of the bourgeois ; the same thing which we find in Mann's books—*Künstler* versus *Bürger*. *Ulysses* may be said to put the introspective *Portrait* against the exterior background of *Dubliners*. Association rather than logic is the motive power of the author's mentality ; if one seeks a philosophy one will find instead an inarticulate noise and a sceptical shrug. "*Du sagst nichts und ver-rätst nichts, O Ulysses, aber du wirkst!*" This imitation of life through the medium of language has never been undertaken more literally. Events are reported as and when they occur, in the continuous present. The distinction between form and content is ignored. This method of exploring reality and discovering new relationships becomes more and more involved as the stream of consciousness in *Ulysses* fades into the stream of unconsciousness in *Finnegans Wake* ; and one sometimes wonders if Joyce was not a bit over-confident in his idea of the power of words, whether he was too articulate to achieve a really profound portrayal of human emotion. He seems at times, especially in his later work, to be "inextricably caught in the tangled euphoria of word-juggling." Could he have appreciated the magnificent incoherence of Peeperkorn's speech, completely drowned by the sound of a waterfall in Mann's *Der Zauberberg*, or could he have apprehended the mute suffering in the eyes of the little princess, dying in childbirth in Tolstoy's *War and Peace*?

Be that as it may, the style, or technique employed in Joyce's later work has more in common with the cinema than with anything else. This is mainly due to the extensive use which he makes of "image." One can best get at the meaning of this word, not by attempting to define the image, but by attempting to define what is known in the film as *montage*. "Montage," says Spottiswoode in his *Grammar of the Film*, "is in its effectual aspect, the production of a concept or sensation through the mutual impact of other concepts or sensations." Ezra Pound, who first gave the term "image" publicity, uses the word "apparition" in one of his imagist poems to describe this sudden sense of relationship between apparently disconnected things :

*The apparition of these faces in the tube :
Petals on a wet black bough.*

This is not the place to follow the use of the image through Pound, Eliot, the Apocalyptic and the Surrealists to the conclusion that, even in the cerebral world of the boiled chicken and the ventriloquist, one should have regard to Freud's discovery that it is impossible really to talk nonsense!

To return to Joyce's style : Naturalism, symbolism, realism, the montage of the cinema, *leit-motif* in music, the free association of psycho-analysis, and

vitalism in philosophy are all fused together in an attempt to turn the mind inside out, presenting ideas and emotions as allegorical *dramatis personæ*, rather after the style of the expressionist movement in the modern theatre. Expressionism—as defined by the Viennese dramatist, Hermann Bahr—sees through the eye of the mind and is active; impressionism saw through the eye of the body and was passive.

No serious student of literature can afford to ignore Joyce's work, which, according to many authorities on the Continent and in America, marks the end of the 19th-century tradition of naturalism in fiction, and heralds the development of new forms (towards which his experiments with symbolism point the way)—forms which Levin has described as being suggestive of the universality of the epic and the primitivism of the myth. A more satisfying method of introducing Joyce, that of allowing the author to speak for himself, would be difficult to imagine; but with less than 150 pages at his disposal Mr. Eliot has had to concentrate on one aspect only of Joyce's many sided character—that of the Catholic in revolt.

RONALD ANDERSON.

THE ROMANTICS : An Anthology Chosen by Geoffrey Grigson. Routledge. 10s. 6d.

"The Romantics are not to be sneered at," writes Mr. Geoffrey Grigson in a panoramic preface to this collection. A few years ago the Romantics were completely out of fashion, and it was with a gesture of self defence that W. B. Yeats described himself as the last of them. But the younger literary critics of the English Modernist school change their views so quickly, and make so many obvious discoveries that it is hard to catch up with them. Mr. Grigson's anthology of romantic prose and verse is an excellent piece of scissors-and-paste work. He brings to that work a mood of enthusiasm which is often found at its best in those who are making up for lost time in their reading. To turn a page anywhere in this agreeable book is to find curiosities of romantic literature. And the spick and span captions of newspaper kind will aid those readers whose brains whirl too easily in the search for knowledge.

Mr. Grigson's interpretation of the romantic attitude may be too wide and generous, but who will complain at a party if there are too many sops in the wine? Taking a hint from Coleridge, we begin with mystics such as Jakob Boehme and William Law. Surprising us, he invites us to the ruins of Tintern Abbey, not with Wordsworth, but with that romantic scientist, Humphry Davy: Scientists had not as yet lost the picturesque zeal of the alchemists.—

when he saw the minute globules of potassium burst through the crust of potash and take fire as they entered the atmosphere, he could not contain his joy—he actually bounded about the room in ecstatic delight.

The book ranges from Chatterton to Clare (a great deal of Clare), from Macpherson to Schiller. But the odd snippets and tit-bits from lesser known or obscure authors give the book a desultory value. There is a delightful and unbowlerised extract from that little known Dublin naturalist, John Rutty. But does the ballad of Castle Hyde or a translation from the Irish by Callanan quite come under the Romantic heading? Poems translated from the Chinese

in the early 'thirties of the last century by John Francis Davis will be new to most readers and are among the many delightful surprises which await everybody in these pages. The anthology ends guardedly or perhaps nonchalantly with a few minor glimpses of the pre-Raphaelites. Thomas Woolner was a better sculptor than poet. But his little-known adventures in Australia show how romantic chill had changed into gold fever—

Saturday, December 25.—Christmas ! . . . Mr. Graves went on his mare to examine the road to Blanket Creek and found it very good : I believe we start for that place to-morrow. Some of our fellows are cleaning the gold we got at Reid's Creek before we divide it. . .

A final quotation from Herman Melville shows a new romantic ocean seen from Darien.
M. D.

THE MIDDLE OF A WAR. By Roy Fuller. Hogarth, 3s. 6d. net.

PASTORAL. By James Turner. Cambridge University Press, 3s. 6d. net.

WAR POEMS IN SCOTS. By Alexander Galloway. Oliver and Boyd. 1s. 6d. net.

One seems to detect in Mr. Roy Fuller's book a progress from the vague to the actual, from utterance in the mode to individual utterance. The earlier poems are rather mannered and in some at least the manner has been caught from T. S. Eliot. But the effect of circumstances (Mr. Fuller is in the Fleet Air Arm) has purged his work of much affectation and has canalised emotion. The loneliness of the sensitive individual, nostalgia, the pain of separation,—these and the surroundings and states of mind of himself and his comrades are expressed without the self-conscious mistrust of his own emotions which so often besets the modern poet. Yet it is not satisfying, nor yet disturbing, poetry. Although Mr. Fuller works often to a well-defined pattern of rhyme and metre, the verse does not sing, does not seem to move by its own inner compulsion. Sometimes the rhyme falls on an unfortunate word, the line endings are often unsatisfactory and the irregularities of metre lack value. But there are remarkably fine individual lines and passages, and sometimes, as in "The Festival" and "The Growth of Crime" music and rhythm assist the sense. "The Mark of September," too, goes home where other poems of greater substance remain ineffective after several readings.

Mr. Turner's "Pastoral" is a poem of some sixteen hundred lines of varying length. It is not always easy to understand why a line ends where it does, but for the most part the rhythmic flow is maintained without unwarranted distractions and is helped by an unobtrusive use of assonance and infrequent rhyme. It is only when Mr. Turner becomes self-conscious and when moral or philosophy becomes explicit, that the rhythm and the language suffer a decline. But this does not happen often. In an accumulation of recorded detail the country year moves through its changing seasons against a background of human struggle and violent death in air bombardments. The stupidity and brutality of war contrast with human achievement and happy human love, Nature's indifferent savageries with her loveliness and infinite design. War is here and must be accepted with its barbarity, its wanton destruc-

tion and its heroism. It must be fought, but with a purpose and for man's betterment :

" I will make cause with all the common men who fight
that fairness from the earth shall perish not."

But it is unfair to quote short passages : the poem must be read as a whole and is worth many readings. It does not reach great depths or heights of passion, but it is moving and creates and maintains its own atmosphere.

Alexander Galloway's " War Poems in Scots " have one disadvantage and one excellence of good poetry in dialect. A two-page glossary for ten pages of poems—there is the defect. The excellence lies in the sincerity of dialect, the feeling that the word was chosen by simple men to fit the thing. Most of these poems are in unvaried ballad metre and their substance is suited by their form and language. There is no attempt at subtlety or strangeness ; their merit is in their simplicity, and their likeness to Burns' best lyrics is not due to Scots speech alone. Here is the first verse of " Crashed " :

" A daffodil has leased her gowd
Upon the caller air,
And keeps a lyke-wake for the dead
Nae mortals ken are there."

W. P. M.

THE PROCESS OF ARCHITECTURAL TRADITION. By W. A. Eden. Macmillan.
6/-.

The hero of Mr. Eden's book is Inigo Jones. Mr. Eden conceives of the tradition of *architecture* (a word to which he gives an ideal but accurately defined meaning of his own), as essentially handed down by means of the master-apprentice relationship, on a combined basis of practical experience and the use of what he calls the "essential architectural language" of Western Europe. He traces the rise of English architecture to what he considers its peak in the late seventeenth century, in the light of population increase. The same increase (with other economic factors), in time operated to make the demand exceed the supply, so that the tradition became spread thinner in successive generations, with an increasingly perfunctory transmission, due to sheer mass-production. He cites the career of Carr of York as a concrete example of the principle in practice. (Carr flourished in the mid-eighteenth century). Mr. Eden appears to believe that architecture is governed by some such social law as tragedy is, and is only genuinely present at certain few ideal moments in history. In this belief he is probably correct. It is not incumbent on him to apportion the amount of credit which must be assigned to individuals who have the good fortune to be born in, and the genius to rise to, a favourable period.

It is, however, incumbent upon him to defend, even in a book of this scope, such a phrase as "that practical and architectural necessity, the cornice," if only because a book of this scope will (I hope) have many readers among the laity. Mr. Eden is a purist, inflexible in principle and tolerant in practice. It is partly because one likes to recognise in his writing the reflection of one's own best qualities in architectural taste, that one is on one's guard. He

considers it axiomatic that the standard for us must be "classic." I happen to agree, and could therefore wish that at certain points he had given me fuller reasons for believing as I do.

The bulk of his book is connected with the practical problems of the handing-down of the tradition to-day. He reviews the status and the methods of architectural schools, with, as it seems to me, very sound sense. This is all ultimately directed to the central problem of the form in which we must prepare to recognise the tradition when it again emerges with modern technique, after the chaotic welter of the last hundred years. In this connection he has a great deal of hard hitting against mere virtuosity, and an urbane *reductio ad absurdum* of the extreme functionalist position.

Mr. Eden, incidentally, is as good an example of the personal transmission which he values so highly, as could be wished for, as he is the son and still (he would be the first to admit) the pupil, of one of the finest of modern church-architects.

The idea of tradition which clearly emerges from his book is curiously (and apparently independently) similar to Mr. Eliot's pioneer work in the literary field twenty years ago. His second point is the restoration of complete continuity between craftsman and designer, by educational reform, of the public as well as the practitioner. These two things are of first importance, and Mr. Eden has developed them lucidly and readably, and produced a most stimulating book, and perhaps a really important contribution to general culture. There are seven very apposite illustrations.

MAURICE JAMES CRAIG.

OLD GALWAY. The History of A Norman Colony In Ireland. By M. D. O'Sullivan, M.A. (Cambridge : W. Heffer & Sons, Limited). 25/-

One of the real values of History is the sense of world perspective it gives ; and the fault of most, indeed of all, local histories is that this is lacking in them. A multitudinous minutiae of detail, all those entrancing casual footnotes to the everyday people of the past, seems to be the *raison d'être* of the local genre, but Professor O'Sullivan in this grand book has shown how the local eddy may be magnified and at the same time pin-pricked on the great living chart of the whole. In *Old Galway*, detail is not lacking ; it is various, prolonged, and carefully recorded ; but, unlike Hardiman who saw Galway in its isolation on the western seaboard, Professor O'Sullivan sees events and happenings there as something that dovetailed daily into European life. We, who see a world strategy in action to-day, can appreciate this, but the labour of the historian who translates it into terms of plain cause and effect must be tremendous, for History is not Politics or Economics or Religions in their separate manifestations, or a facade of dominating personalities, but the movement of life itself as it is deflected and inflected by man, so if we are to have something that approaches a complete picture, all human activities must come under the eye of the Historian. In this book we have, nominally, a picture of an unique mediæval city, but actually it is much more than that, for the city was a Norman colony with a far and uncertain base in the English Court at London and with a constantly disturbed and often actively hostile hinterland at its back to which it was both trade-mouth and symbol of political domination, so that the picture

to be whole must be, too, a picture of Ireland as a whole, and this picture again be expanded into the European Time of the epoch, in order that the forces which played upon the city, built it and finally killed it, may be shown in their true relationship. This task Professor O'Sullivan set herself to do, and she has done it with great credit to herself and honour to her university.

Galway, the city, was founded by a group of Norman gentlemen who settled there to carve up with the pen what the fighting knights before them had taken by the sword. Professor O'Sullivan seems to credit to their reputedly gentle blood the architectural beauty which the city later borrowed from Spain and La Rochelle, but Architecture was the popular art of the period and an appreciation of the beauty of utility is the common attribute of all merchants who have a surplus of money in their pockets. Where their Norman genius made itself really apparent was in the organization of the feudal life of the city and their manipulation of the proletariat within the walls and the hordes of strange countrymen without. On the latter their prosperity depended, yet they kept aloof from them, and rarely married among them, never even accepted them as clergy, for with the hammerhead independence of their race they got a local control over church appointments by Papal Bull so that their lawful Archbishop, usually a man of Irish blood, had only nominal authority over them. In all they were almost as self-contained a mediæval community as there was, with a charter from the King of England that exceeded in its independence even that of Drogheda, for to the kings of England who more often than not were preoccupied with large and continental enterprizes, their independence represented a counter-balance to the independence of the unruly de Burgos.

In Professor O'Sullivan's hands, history that is narrow and local assumes an extraordinarily wide significance. One realizes the impact of great happenings the more by studying the effects in miniature on a small city-state such as Galway. There, surely, Man made a royal attempt to cope with life, a narrow concentrated passionate effort that succeeded for a time because it was exclusive, an accurate expression of mediæval Europe, and a counterpoint in political economy of the Scholastic philosophy. This is History as professors in Irish universities should write it. Let them do it soon, for, compared to most countries, the back-garden of our past is very poorly cultivated. P. F.

THE VALLEY NEAR SLIEVENAMON. A Kickham Anthology. Edited by James Maher. Printed and published by The Kilkenny People, Ltd., Kilkenny.

Mr. James Maher who has edited this anthology is to be congratulated. He has put Kickham before us in a memorable picture; the figure of the man in the setting of his times, his strength, his character. . . . The book is very full: a selection from the poems of Kickham, from his memoirs, essays, letters, addresses and from his diary. And, along with these, tributes, notes, criticisms by men and women from all over Ireland, from America, from England. We find many instances of the love which, through personal contact and through his writings, Kickham roused. "He was," states W. B. Yeats, "the most lovable of men." "He was," writes Katharine Tynan, "a poet of the simple sort, and he had written a story of Irish life . . . of his own Tipperary, 'Knocknagow,' which must be an Irish classic." "If you are in Munster at all," said a Tipperary

man to Señor Bulfin, before the latter sailed from Buenos Aires, "be sure to take a run along the foot of the Galtees and past Slievenamon, to Kickham's grave at Mullinahone." "I know scores of Tipperary men and women" a Dublin friend tells Señor Bulfin "to whom Kickham is a cherished, venerated friend." . . . But one could go on quoting at too great length.

Besides "Knocknagow," Kickham wrote "Sally Cavanagh," "For the Old Land," "Tales of Tipperary," and numerous ballads. All his novels depict life in Tipperary, all his own life was spent for Ireland. Born at Mullinahone in 1828, he died at Blackrock in 1882. The gentlest of men, highly principled, and completely loyal, he was arrested in 1865 by the British authorities, convicted of "treason" and sent with O'Leary, Luby and Rossa to Pentonville Jail, in London. A stormy period—his, yet he lived in great serenity. . . . But the details of his life must be sought in Mr. Maher's book. No space here to tell of half he did.

An additional interest to this anthology is the light it gives on many of those who were Kickham's friends, and the tales of the countryside, which are not so well known to some of us as they should be; tales such as "The Callen Curates," "The Story of Patrick Sheehan," "Rory of the Hill." The part of Irish life dealt with in this book was very vital in the struggle for our freedom, and is, I think, a vital force to-day. I hope it is a force for good. T. D.

RED ROSES FOR ME. A play in four acts, by Sean O'Casey. Macmillan. 6/-.

Having read "I Knock At The Door" and "Pictures In The Hallway" most theatre lovers felt "now, if O'Casey would only use that same material for the theatre, then we would have a play." Well, he did, and here it is; and if "Red Roses For Me" is not as satisfying a work as his biography it is nevertheless a most stimulating and exciting one, and theatrical in the best as well as the worst sense of the word.

The plot centres round a young Dublin worker, Ayamonn Breydon, and his passion for his girl, his books and his fellow-workers. Unfortunately the third of these is so strong that it completely dwarfs the other two; we know from the beginning that there must be a strike and that Ayamonn will lead it, so there is no real struggle in his nature and he remains rather one-sided and wooden. But the real core of the play is Dublin herself, her streets, her houses and the people who live in them. Like all of Sean O'Casey's work it is full of rich and gorgeous characters, the old melodeon player, the Protestant clergyman, Eeada the apple-seller, Mulecanny the Darwinist and a dozen more all full of life and vigour. There is only one exception, and that of course is the heroine, Sheila Moorneen. Sheila is the latest addition to that dreary procession of Mary Boyles and Norah Clitheroes and Iris Ryans, weak and clinging, hugging security rather than her lover, with his dreams and aspirations, losing him to clammy death and realizing too late, etc. At least she isn't "wronged"—we are spared that. Why is it that neither Sean O'Casey nor Paul Vincent Carroll can draw a decent, sensible, full-blooded young woman? There must be a few Pegen Mikes still left in Ireland.

The dialogue is not naturalistic, but highly coloured and flavoured as much by Shakespeare and the Authorised Version as it is by ordinary Dublin speech.

"What would a girl born in a wild Cork valley, among mountains, brought up to sing the songs of her fathers, what would she choose but the patched coat, shabby shoes and white hungry face of th' Irish rebel? But their shabbiness was threaded with th' colours from th' garments of Finn Mac Cool of th' golden hair, Goll Mac Morna of th' big blows, Caoilte of th' flyin' feet an' Oscar of th' invincible spear." People don't talk like that, but neither do they talk like Christy Mahon. Synge, however, disciplines his language and never lets the flow of words impede his action; O'Casey does sometimes, particularly in the first act where highfalutin speech seems out of place in a quiet homely scene between mother and son.

There are flaws in this, as in almost every work, but the play has life and strength and powerful moments and these virtues are all too rare in our anaemic modern stage. I look forward most eagerly to seeing it performed. It needs a producer of genius, an inspired cast and a most courageous management. Which Dublin theatre can provide all three?

SHEILA MAY.

WATERGATE. By Francis MacManus. The Talbot Press. 6s.

Many will read this story for its own sake without realising that its sparse style, deliberate restraint, and firm technique represent an advance in contemporary Irish novel writing. They may wonder why the novel falls short of the customary length and so fail to appreciate this writer's revolt against the arithmetic of publishing. In turning to the *conte*, Mr. MacManus has gained in strength and concentration. His dialogue has the tension and dramatic forwardness which one finds in a good play. It has been clear for some time that the methods used by some of our younger realists both in the novel and the short story are doubtful and involve a new kind of pathetic fallacy. Violent colloquial speech against a background of literary descriptiveness may eventually be regarded as an unfortunate contradiction. Even the Russian influence has outstayed its welcome, and it is refreshing to find a novelist who has learned a lot from modern French technique.

It is a hopeful sign, also, when a young Irish novelist can deal, so to speak, with our own household problems without thinking in terms of an English or American public. Dirt, slovenliness and inertness—these are some of our peculiar qualities which might lend themselves to sensational treatment by our realists. But Mr. MacManus gets down to his task with all the joy of scrubbing brush, bucket and elbow grease. The action is outwardly direct and simple; inwardly complicated and tense. Alice Lennon comes back from America after an unhappy marriage to settle down with her relatives at home. She bustles into her brother-in-law's dilapidated farmhouse, only to find that her sister is a nervous wreck, and that everything is left in the hands of a slattern of tinker blood, Ruby Butts. Mr. MacManus does not spare our feelings in the complicated combat which ensues between the Woman from the States and the Woman from the Roads.

M. D.

A SHORT HISTORY OF SIR PATRICK DUN'S HOSPITAL. By Thomas Gillman Moorhead, M.D., Dublin. Hodges, Figgis & Co. 7s. 6d. Postage 6d.

When the Hospitals' Commission recommended the amalgamation of Sir Patrick Dun's Hospital with the Royal City of Dublin Hospital it was thought right that before the identity of the former is lost some appropriate record should be prepared of the founding and conducting of the Institution that for nearly a century-and-a-half has been far-famed as a centre of curative and clinical benefits in Dublin ; and to undertake the task of writing its history none was better fitted than the author, the Chairman of the Governing Body. Dr. Moorhead disclaims any attempt to give biographical details concerning the many distinguished physicians and surgeons who have been members of the hospital staff from the time of Sir Philip Crampton : to deal, even partially, with the personal life-stories of so many famous men would necessitate the filling of volumes. Yet, we would have liked to read more about the life and character of Sir Patrick Dun, a foundation member of the Royal College of Physicians in Ireland, who in many ways was a remarkable man, one whose " prescription " sent to General Ginkel, then in camp in Connaught, seems to show him to have been a humorist who had little patience with hypochondriacs :—

" On Monday last I sent two dozen bottles of the best claret I could get in Dublin, two dozen bottles of Chester ale, a dozen-and-a-half of potted chickens in an earthen pot, and, in another pot, foure green geese This is the physic I advise you to take ; I hope it will not be nauseous or disagreeable to your stomach—a little of it upon your march, *Dun*."

It is generally believed according to the Dublin historians, that the first hospital building maintained out of " Paddy Dun's " beneficence was that which was opened in 1792, on the Lower Blind Quay (now known as Lower Exchange Street), " for the purpose of clinical instruction " ; but, as Dr. Moorhead's researches show, there was an earlier institution in Clarendon Street.

In preparing this work Dr. Moorhead consulted all the Authorities and many journalistic contributions, from which—and his personal experience—he has made an entertaining and valuable addition to the bibliography of humanitarian endeavour and achievement.

IMAGERY IN EARLY CELTIC ART. By Paul Jacobsthal. London : Humphrey Milford. 6s. nett.

This is the Rhys Memorial Lecture (British Academy) for 1941, it is printed at the Oxford University Press, and is announced as a forerunner of a book " Early Celtic Art." The objects of Celtic Art dealt with belong to the 5th and 4th century B.C., most of them from Germany, considered by some as the cradle of Celtic civilization. There are 17 pages (photographs) of the specimens described, and the paper on which they are reproduced, together with that of the letterpress, are excellent, and do not reflect war conditions. The author has confined himself to Celtic imagery only, and there is no reference made to Ireland, where Celtic ornament grew to such perfection of technique, but while imagery is not prominent in the National Collection, ornament is a much richer field for the writer's pen.

A significant statement is, that Celtic imagery was expressed in the symbolic treatment of forms, according to Eastern methods of symbolisation. Lacking literary evidence for Celtic religion, we cannot say what these meant to that people, but it is certain that there is a meaning to be sought for. We look forward with interest to the promised book by Professor Jacobsthal. A. K.

LITTLE GIDDING. By T. S. Eliot. Faber & Faber. 1/-.

This is the last of a series of four poems, of which the first three were *Burnt Norton*, *East Coker* and *The Dry Salvages*. It is only possible to evaluate any one of them within the framework of the four, and now that the last of them has been published, we have for the first time an opportunity to do so.

Briefly and crudely stated, the themes of the poems are as follows : *Burnt Norton* is concerned primarily with the thought that time goes round and round; *East Coker* with the thought that matter also goes round and round, or (as Shakespeare put it) 'Imperial Caesar, dead and turned to clay Might stop a hole to keep the wind away.' The theme was elaborated by Hamlet. *The Dry Salvages* is a meditation on the cruelty of Nature, with special reference to the sea, about which, and the flora and fauna of which, Mr. Eliot has always written with peculiar sensibility. (The reader will remember 'Phlebas the Phoenician,' or if he has forgotten him, he will be reminded in this poem).

Little Gidding is apparently more closely attached to the place of its naming than the other three. The end of the quest is, not surprisingly, at the site of Nicholas Ferrar's community of ascetic quietists in the seventeenth century. The poem is a gathering up and restatement of the other three, in the failing light which illumines his destination. And because Mr. Eliot has always been better at diagnosis than cure, at statement than resolution (in the opinion of the present writer at least), *Little Gidding*, though in movement and technique a fitting conclusion, is less memorable than its predecessors.

But only just less so : and to say that is to admit a great deal. The only relevance of what is adverse in my criticism is the suggestion that Mr. Eliot comes in for his own criticism when he says :

We cannot revive old factions,
We cannot restore old policies
Or follow an antique drum.

There is nothing specifically weakening in the restatements of *Little Gidding*. Echoes, restatements, reminiscence of Dante, Tennyson and his own earlier work, not only in verse but also in prose, are fascinatingly interwoven in all four poems. Two themes which constantly recur are the conflict between integrity and action, and the problems of semantics as applied to creative writing. Another is the relation between experience and wisdom. The poems of his own most heavily drawn upon are *The Waste Land* and *Ash Wednesday* : one for statement, the other for resolution. I have traced at least two passages versified from his critical essays, more or less directly.

The clear-cut division which I have made between the themes of the poems, is more apparent than real. Thus it is *The Dry Salvages* which ends up

We, content at the last
If our temporal reversion nourish
(Not too far from the yew-tree)
The life of significant soil.

And it is *East Coker* which concludes

. . . the dark cold and the empty desolation,
The wave cry, the wind cry, the vast waters
Of the petrel and the porpoise. In my end is my beginning.

In each case the main themes are interchanged. Numerous less obvious examples of the same thing could be given.

Thus each poem does more than touch on the subjects of the rest, and the last can hardly be said to have a main subject on its own. And yet, (apart from one of the themes already mentioned) they are not poems about the writing of poetry, for which we may be heartily thankful. They are three preliminary attacks from different quarters, and a final frontal assault, on a philosophic position which is almost as much Stoic as Christian. (The assault, of course, delivered with the intention of occupation, not of demolition.)

Much of the present poem is taken up with a Dantesque encounter and colloquy with a ghost who strongly recalls 'Stetson' in *The Waste Land*. The passage is really in blank verse, but is printed in tercets in such a way as to reinforce the manner in which atmosphere and diction recall the *Inferno*. The apparition (apparently of a dead friend) exhorts Mr. Eliot, in Mr. Eliot's own tone of voice, to a way of life to which Mr. Eliot was already pledged. The device is somewhat transparent, and lacks the clinch of a really dramatic confirmation of the general direction.

This may appear a trifle ungracious, so that it will be as well to avow that this series seems to me perhaps the most distinguished triumph of style in modern English poetry. Mr. Eliot is a most sensitive lyrical poet, and the moods evoked in these poems are unforgettable, and so subtly interwoven as to evade quotation. Memorable phrases, memorable writing in general, are more thickly sown in these poems than in any he has written. His range, in every way, from

Last season's fruit is eaten
And the fullfed beast shall kick the empty pail

to

This is the use of memory :
For liberation—not less of love but expanding
Of love beyond desire, and so liberation
From the future as well as the past

is astonishingly wide, and his transitions perfectly surefooted. His paradoxes are flatly put, with care to avoid surface brilliance.

But the logical culmination of the way he has been travelling is a mystical experience, and I am inclined to think that he has not had that experience, that he has been reduced to writing round it, from the knowledge that it is logically

necessary. His approach to it is a prose approach, full of reservations and saving clauses, to cover every possibility. I did not see how he could have done otherwise, in honesty. But honesty leads him at times into a way of speech which is almost ludicrous :

If you came this way,
Taking the route you would be likely to take
From the place you would be likely to come from. . . .

which recalls

Distracted from distraction by distraction

in *Burnt Norton* : a way of speech only too easy to parody. But in general his technique is infinitely resourceful in the reporting of all the ways which should have led to the heart of the experience. But the heart itself is sterile. There is no blinding flash : definition must proceed by elimination, a long and painful business.

But when prose adumbration has been tried and has inevitably failed, from this central sterility his despair flowers out in superb lyricism, like the calyx of the rose he uses as a symbol. However little they may contribute to our understanding, in terms of the logic after which he strives, these poems are absorbing and fascinating in their power of style. If they live by that alone, they will not have achieved less than most of the masterpieces of the past.

MAURICE JAMES CRAIG.

THE GALLEYS OF ST. JOHN. By E. Laurie Long. London : Ward, Lock. 8s. 6d.

This historical novel contains diligent research-work sufficient to give to it modified documentary value, and it will be exceptionally interesting to members of the St. John's Ambulance Brigade. The story is in the 16th century, when all over Europe the Order of St. John of Jerusalem was maintaining hospitals where the sick poor had the best attention which medical science could give. From these establishments there went a steady stream of valiant Knights to reinforce the militant branch of the Order which was, during 700 years a great naval power in the Middle Sea—an arm of its activities not generally understood, and one which Laurie Long has chosen as the theme of this work, which ought to, and may, become one of the most popular of all his sea yarns.

As the author remarks, the Knights of St. John survived longer than any of the many religious-military Orders formed after the capture of the Holy Land by the Turks. The Brethren never forgot their pledge to serve "Our Lords the Sick," and, abroad, the Order never was at peace long enough to become decadent. The best renowned in a long succession of Grand Masters was Jean de la Valette, a devout and gallant warrior with whom Laurie Long takes us on thrilling adventures from the London River to Rhodes and Malta. The sea and island settings are broad and wide and colourful, and the theme is one that provides action and variety of incident which the practised story-teller has used to the full range of his power.

[REVIEWER'S NOTE : The Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, "The Hospitallers," maintained an establishment at Kilmainham, near Dublin, from A.D. 1309 until A.D. 1535. They were remarkable for their rigid discipline, and became a very influential Order in Ireland—See "The Story of the Royal Hospital, Kilmainham," by Childers and Stewart.]

LETTERS FROM THE BIG HOUSE. By Jim Phelan. London : The Cresset Press. 7s. 6d.

This is a book of 17 short stories written around the lives of men sentenced to eke out long terms of years in prison settlements ; and by the nature of the subjects and their environment, where the local colour is always grey, the portrayals are grim and the action tense. As he did in a former work—the novel, “*Lifer*”—Mr. Phelan here uses his gift of human insight and his power of conversational writing to make his characters real, and within the confines of restraining walls he brings tough stories from the outside underworld. The strange, unofficial codes of contact and conduct which have evolved between the convicts themselves, and between the classes into which they are drafted—or into which they form themselves—and the relations of them and their warders, are clearly defined. The book is remarkably free from emotional propaganda.

THE LANDSLIDE. By Stephen Gilbert. London : Faber & Faber. 7s. 6d.

This spiritual drama is set in a remote district in Ireland, before the introduction of railways. Around imaginary incidents is woven the story of a struggle between the animals of a vanished world and the inhabitants of a fishing village. As one of the characters suggests, this struggle between the Past and the Present is an ever recurring one : “*In the Dark Ages they looked back and regretted the culture of the Greeks and the Latins ; but that was as far back as they could look. The Greeks too looked back, because the Golden Age was better than their own. Even in the Golden Age, I expect, they looked further back to an age more golden still . . .*”

The theme is unusual, a difficult one—suggestive of interesting allegories—which could easily have been spoiled by extravagance of imagination and “*over-writing*” ; but Stephen Gilbert has kept a fair balance of the real and the fantastic, and written a refreshing, open-air tale in an even, restrained style.

LIMERICK PRINTERS AND PRINTING. Compiled by the City Librarian, and published by the Library. 1942. 2s. 6d.

Mr. Herbert, Limerick City Librarian, has broken new ground in this book. He has compiled a catalogue of the known books and newspapers printed by all the known Limerick Printers, and indicated in each case where the books may be seen. It is a most useful piece of bibliography and local history, and it is to be hoped that this example will be followed in other cities. There will be, inevitably, omissions and errors, but bookmen everywhere will be set to examining their shelves, and a measure of knowledge may confidently be expected to result. Mr. Herbert proposes to follow this up with two other Catalogues—one of books by Limerick authors (this should be particularly interesting) and one of books about Limerick. They will be looked forward to with interest.

P. S. O'H.

THE INDIAN PROBLEM, 1883—1935. By R. Coupland, C.I.E., M.A.—Oxford University Press, London, & Sir Humphrey Milford. 6/- net.

The first part of the Report on the Constitutional problem in India that has been submitted to the warden and fellows of Nuffield College, Oxford, is without doubt an interesting document, and will engage the attention of anyone with the smallest interest in that country. Whatever be one's view as to the difficulties or otherwise of the situation there, politically, economically, socially or racially, one is bound to find the contents of this first part of the report abounding in information that hitherto was almost inaccessible to any student of international affairs, and especially those of India. Here we find the various efforts at Reform, such as the Montagu-Chelmsford; the Constitution of 1919, in operation; the Round Table Conference of Nov., 1930, and the India Act of 1935—Joint Select Committee's work—that are bound to broaden the view of any outsider on this very difficult affair, and to help them realize that the solution of the trouble is not as easy as they might imagine.

To have read this first part of the report can only whet the reader's appetite to follow what is to come in the next two issues.

W. J. B.

CLIMATE AND THE ENERGY OF NATIONS. By S. F. Markham, M.A., B.Litt., M.P., F.R.Met. Society. Oxford University Press, London. Humphrey Milford. 10/6.

The author of this book as can well be imagined has had access to the most reliable data and sources of information on this subject, or it would have been impossible for him to compile, and to pack into 133 pages and an appendix, all the interesting features that are contained in it. These sources comprise archaeologists, scientists, government officials, the Industrial Health Research Board, and the Royal Meteorological Society.

They deal with "The Causes of Energy," "Human Reactions"; with Climate in the history of almost every part of the world—even as it is described in the book—"The Irish Free State"; "Climates and Climatic Control"; "Tests of National Energy"; death rate and infantile mortality, and many other features every one of which will be found of considerable interest by the reader.

The one that to-day will provoke assiduous study here in Ireland because we have almost forgotten what the thing is like, in the War Emergency, is the chapter on "Climatic Control," part II—on Coal, Gas and Electricity. This traces the history of coal mining in England back to A.D. 853, which was not systematically carried out until 1180. In 1273 its burning was prohibited in London because of the smoke, while in 1555 the price was about five shillings a ton!!! What, I wonder, would be our feelings to-day, if our coal bill arrived with the charge at that figure?

From the Tables given in the Appendix, Ireland appears to be among the countries which have an almost ideal Summer, and an easily "controlled" Spring, Autumn and Winter, in which the mean temperature of the warmest month does not exceed 68° F. or that of the coldest month fall below 20° F. Radiation is not excessive and humidity declines in the Summer. I can, with confidence recommend this book to anyone interested in this absorbing theme.

W. J. B.

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS PUBLICATIONS. (Humphrey Milford).

The Modern Democratic State (Vol. I. 12s. 6d.), by A. D. Lindsay, is issued under the auspices of the Royal Institute of International Affairs, a non-party body founded to facilitate the scientific study of international questions. The author analyses the operative ideas on which the modern democratic State depends, examines the first statements of those ideas in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, shows how the International Revolution has affected the problems of democratic government, and restates the principles of the modern State as it works under democratic conditions.

India (3s. 6d.), by T. A. Raymond, a well-informed Indian journalist, is a brief summary (in 120 pages) of history and political problems and progress, concluding with an enlightening chapter on the Cripps mission. There are some photographic reproductions and a reliable map of political India. This work, although laudably concise, contains a good deal of information hitherto not generally familiar about the life and habits of the people and Anglo-Indian relations.

Club Leadership (3rd Edition. 5s.), by Basil L. Q. Hendriques, M.A., is a comprehensive and useful textbook of real value to all who are interested actively in the organizing and controlling of welfare clubs for boys. Being himself the creator of one of London's biggest and more successful youth-clubs, the author has an unique record of achievement and, writing about this wide experience in the difficult task of developing character, personality and talent, he gives some very sound advice about guiding the juvenile into the ways of self-reliance and good citizenship. Every activity—social, domestic and financial—in the Boys' Club Movement is covered in detail, and this book may be accepted as being a standard work upon which every such-like club should be conducted.

Economic Efficiency and Social Welfare (10s. 6d.), by Alec L. Macfie, D.Litt. Economic Theory has up to now based its development on individualistic theories; and, the author contends, in view of to-day's problems these must be revised, and he has set out to examine the relations between present economic problems and the duties and privileges of the citizen. The conclusion reached is that Twentieth Century Social Problems, especially those sure to occur after the present emergency, should no longer be studied by isolated economists, moralists and political thinkers, but by specialists co-operating at every stage. In a Foreword by Professor Frank H. Knight (University of Chicago), it is pointed out that here Dr. Macfie has developed more concrete implications of his former thesis that economy is a value, with the objectivity that values possess, in contrast with mere objects of individual desire, and that he has emphasised the self-evident fact that any social policy or decision necessarily rests on a social value judgment, a social concept of social well-being, derived from social thinking.

R. H.

19th February, 1943.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "DUBLIN MAGAZINE."

DEAR SIR,

March 3rd, 1943, was the eightieth birthday of one of the most distinguished living men of letters, Mr. Arthur Machen. His friends and admirers wish to honour the occasion by a birthday cheque, which will be of practical help to him. Subscriptions should be sent to Colin Summerford, c/o Westminster Bank, 1 Stratford Place, W.1. ; cheques being payable to the "Arthur Machen Fund," and crossed Westminster Bank (Marylebone). The Fund will remain open for some months.

MAX BEERBOHM.

ALGERNON BLACKWOOD.

WALTER DE LA MARE.

T. S. ELIOT.

DESMOND MACCARTHY.

COMPTON MACKENZIE.

EDWARD MARSH.

JOHN MASEFIELD.

A. E. W. MASON.

ARTHUR QUILLER-COUCH.

MICHAEL SADLEIR.

G. BERNARD SHAW.